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A DOUBLE LIFE

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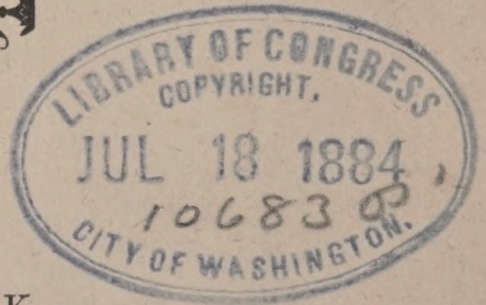
STARR CROSS

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AN HYPNOTIC ROMANCE

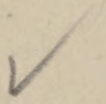
By

HERBERT E. CHASE



NEW YORK
S. W. GREEN'S SON, PUBLISHER
69 BEEKMAN STREET
1884

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THE CHAS. M. GREEN PRINTING CO.,
74 AND 76 BEEKMAN STREET,
NEW YORK.

Dedicated
BY THE AUTHOR TO
HIS AMANUENSIS.

PREFACE.

NOWADAYS, when all are ready to admit the psychological powers of certain men,—in these days, when the science of neurology is conceded to be the whole science of man,—in this period of our history, when the hitherto-hidden secrets of electricity are being exposed but not understood,—at this time, when the secret of what constitutes the human mind is being so rapidly discovered, when the thinking men and women of the world have cast aside bigotry, prejudice, and scepticism, and stand ready to accept truth from whatever source it may come, we have felt justified in placing before the public this volume.

If it shows signs of having been hastily writ-

ten, do not think that its main features—the metaphysical, theological, legal, medical, or scientific portions—have not been most carefully considered and thoroughly digested.

The story of Starr Cross was not made public that its author might ventilate his opinions; neither were these opinions expressed to cause the story to appear more reasonable.

Do not too hastily declare that anything that is herein narrated is an impossibility, or that it was the conception of a vivid imagination; for recollect that

“There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

A DOUBLE LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

“**T**HUNDER! What is that?” cried a young man stumbling against some obstacle in his way; “I wish the city or the boys of the club would place a light in this alley,” he continued as he commenced investigations. “Oh, some drunken man has crawled in here to sleep off some of the effects of the bad rum he has been indulging in, before going home to kick up a row there. . Why do men get drunk? And if they must do so, why, in the name of all that’s good, don’t they work off the effects of their liquor where they get it?” Here he stopped with a second exclamation of surprise: “Why, it is a woman! but perhaps she may be intoxicated. No? This is strange! Who is she? Where did she come from? How came she

here? Clothes wet with this drizzling rain. She must have been here some time. I wonder some of the boys who get here before I do did not find her. Is she dead? or asleep? or what is the matter? Something must be done. Watch! Watch! D—those police! Of course they are not around. Madam! Miss! Wake up! What is the matter? What shall I do? Stand here, and talk like the fool I usually am, I suppose. No, I will go in and get some of the boys to help me.” So saying, the young man laid down the head that he had been resting on his knee, and hastened to the club-house, a few rods further down the alley.

It was a wet, disagreeable evening in early September, 1850. One of those misty, uncomfortable nights that only New York city can produce. The time was between eight and nine o'clock; the place, an alley or way leading off from Fourth Avenue, seemingly for no other purpose than to give access to a building in the rear of the avenue, used at the time of which we write as a club-house. There was a lantern over the door of this structure, which was lighted on state occasions only, and what little light penetrated into the passage was from a street-lamp on the opposite side of the avenue. The club occupied

the whole building, having reading, billiard and dining-rooms on the lower floor, and several apartments on the second, including a bed-chamber used by the janitor who had charge of the building, and, we might add, at times, some of the members as well.

On the evening of which we speak, but two or three club men were present, and these were lounging about the reading-room, smoking and grumbling in discontented tones at the weather and its dispiriting effect upon themselves. They were vainly trying to arouse their interest in the usual evening amusements, when the door opened with a crash, and an ejaculation of "Boys, come quick. Here's a woman in the alley, either asleep, dead or drunk!" No second invitation was needed; here was something which promised, if not amusement, at least temporary diversion, and out they went, stopping neither for umbrellas or hats.

They found the woman still lying there, motionless and unconscious, her clothing now fairly soaked with the rain. What was to be done? There seemed but one thing possible to their feelings of humanity, and, without wasting time in discussion, they raised her carefully and bore her to the nearest building, the club-house. It was

not an occasion on which to consider the question of propriety. Here was a woman unconscious, perhaps dying ; or, it might be, dead. What mattered it, then, who she was ? She might have been so low that none of them at any other time would have given her a second thought, but now she was mutely appealing for help and sympathy, and she received them both. They laid her upon a sofa and then looked at her and at each other. They did not see before them a coarse, degraded wretch, as they had rather expected. On the contrary, they saw a woman of perhaps twenty years of age, with soft, light hair, delicate and high-bred features, and with those sensitive lines around the mouth which so clearly indicate culture ; and yet, blended with these proofs of former refined surroundings, was a care-worn look.

“ Doctor,” asked one of the men, “ What is the matter with her ? ” The man addressed as “ Doctor ” made no immediate reply. He seemed lost in thought, looking intently at the inanimate form before him. The rest, too, remained silent, feeling that whatever was to be done, the only physician among them should take the initiative.

“ I think,” at last replied the Doctor, “ that

she has only fainted, and yet, for all I can tell, she may be dying."

"I wish, Elmer," he added, "you would bring me some wine; you, Phil, would call John, and send him after his mother or wife (I think he has one or the other); and if you, Henry, will go round and bring Dr. Kean, I will, in the meantime, do what I can to restore this poor lady."

"For she is a lady," soliloquized the Doctor, as his friends left the room to attend to his directions. "She is a lady; I should know that, even if she were less richly dressed. I wonder where I have seen a face like that? It must be one of the many faces I see in dreams, but never expected to behold in waking moments."

Here the young man whom he had addressed as Elmer entered and handed him the wine.

The Doctor at once commenced trying to force apart her teeth, which were so firmly set that it required much time. He succeeded at last in getting a small quantity of the wine into her mouth, and, after chafing her hands and head for a few moments, was rewarded by sure indications of life, followed by a gradual opening of her eyes. She gave them but one short glance, and then the lids dropped again, but there was something in that momentary glimpse

that made both the men by her side start back. Her eyes were large, lustrous, and dreamy, of that bluish-black color which is ever changing in tint. But there was a strangeness about them, a nature entirely different from that of the other features, which, in spite of their refinement, were not remarkable; and withal, an expression so contrary to that dreamy look, that one involuntarily felt that they read one's every secret thought. They seemed to draw, and yet repel, and gave the impression that they were something unreal, or, as the Scotch say, uncanny.

The Doctor gave her more of the wine, when she again unclosed the eyes that had so attracted and startled them, and said, a little dreamily, "Where am I? Who are you?"

"You are in safe quarters," replied the Doctor, "and we are friends, whom you may trust. My name is Hendon, and—" He was interrupted by the entrance of Doctor Kean, with the young man who had gone in search of him.

"I am glad Henry found you, Doctor," said Hendon. Then, lowering his voice, "This, you see, is a case that needs careful attention, and I felt that it called for an older and more experienced physician than myself."

“Oh,” responded Doctor Kean, “you should have more confidence in yourself. Mr. Brome had just been telling me the circumstances under which this woman fell into your care.”

The two physicians now gave their attention to the case before them, and, after a short consultation, it was decided that, in her present condition, it would be not only injudicious, but positively unsafe to remove her. She was, therefore, carried to the chamber occupied by John, and made as comfortable as the limited means at hand would allow.

“It would be well to send out for some woman,” said Doctor Kean.

“That has been attended to. I sent John after his wife or mother, as soon as I perceived the poor woman’s condition,” replied Doctor Hendon.

There was an unusual quiet in the building that evening. The weather was so unpleasant that few of the members came in, and these, on learning what had happened, and that it was no common woman who had come so suddenly into their masculine quarters, seemed anxious that nothing should disturb the stillness that for once had fallen over the place. Now and then, John’s wife, who had arrived, and had, with

womanly tact and skill, at once taken her place in the sick-room, would send her husband to their home for some needed article. Once Doctor Hendon entered the room where the others were assembled—not the “gay and festive M. D.,” as his friends were wont to call him, but the grave, dignified physician; for now it was work, not play, in which he was engaged.

He was immediately plied with questions, “How is she?” “Who is she?” “What account does she give of herself?” and the like.

Doctor Hendon replied to all at once. “She says but very little, and is evidently as yet unconscious of her surroundings. We do not know who she is, or where she comes from, but she is a very sick woman, and we have grave doubts of her recovery. But,” he added, as he left the room, “we may save the baby, and let us hope that, if she must sacrifice her life for that of her child, she may at least live to see it.”

After this, but little was said by any one, and what little conversation was made was carried on in that low, subdued tone, that seems to belong to the sick-room. Slowly the minutes massed into hours, unmarked by any change, in the room where the men were waiting, save

that once or twice low moans were heard, and now and then John's wife passed through on some errand. A dog came into the alley, and commenced to howl, but was promptly driven away. One man, who was leaning on the mantel, gazing at the fire in the open grate, said to another, "Al, did you ever hear that clock tick so loud before?" "No," replied the other, "and did you notice what a sombre, dirge-like sound the rain has?" One after another would suddenly rise, take his hat and umbrella, and pass quietly out.

It lacked but a few minutes of twelve o'clock, when, just as the last two were about to leave, they stopped, hearing the door of the sick-room open. No one came down stairs, however, but in that brief moment came to their ears, low and sad, like the wind and rain outside, the wailing cry of an infant; and they departed, knowing that from that hour would date the commencement of a new life, but with no knowledge that a mother's life had been given for that child; nor could they know the pain and sorrow, the hopes and fears, the prayers and regrets that went out with that life. Not pain and sorrow resulting from the commission or omission of the sufferer, for she departed as pure as

when she came ; not hopes and fears engendered by any doubt of the hereafter, for that was a subject she little understood. Her pain and sorrow were for acts beyond her control ; her hopes and fears were for her offspring ; her prayers were for the future of her child that had been so inauspiciously cast upon the world, and her regrets were that the influence that she feared was impressed upon her child might not have come from her own pure nature.

She has never done a wrong ; others have through her. She is dead, and though she has ever lived without sin, she will be buried without tears or mourning, for she has no friends. The child lives ; read, and then ask yourself, Was it well that he did live ?

CHAPTER II.

IT was a full meeting of the Fourth Avenue Club. A notice had been sent to each member requesting his attendance, as business of importance was to be brought before the meeting. A month had passed since the birth of the child at their rooms, under such remarkable circumstances, and the understanding that on this evening some action was to be taken in the matter was enough to call out every member.

They made altogether a fine body of men, of ages ranging from twenty to forty years; men of education and refinement, many of them scholars and scientists, all more or less interested in the questions of the day, and looking upon their association together rather as a means of progress than of mere social enjoyment.

The ordinary business was attended to, and then the chairman rose and said that the chief object of their assembling together, that evening,

was in relation to the friendless child born under that roof. He stated that a committee had been appointed to take charge of the matter, and called upon Dr. Hendon to report its progress.

Dr. Hendon rose and stated that he had made diligent inquiries about the matter; he had advertised in all the dailies; the police had tried to solve the mystery; but all the information the committee had been able to gain was that afforded by the statements of the woman herself, and that was very slight.

"Perhaps the members would like to have you repeat your views on that subject, Doctor," said the chairman. "I find the notices have called out some of our number who have not been with us before for months."

"I suppose," responded the Doctor, "that most of you are already acquainted with the circumstances connected with this affair, so far as the finding of the woman, the birth of the child, and her own death; yet her statements, while they throw no light on the question of her identity, are interesting, inasmuch as they seem to intensify rather than in any way to clear up the mystery. Dr. Kean took down the substance of her rather incoherent remarks, a

part of which were replies to questions put by Dr. Kean or myself, a part a rambling recital, or answers to some imaginary person with whom she seemed to be talking.

At no time did she act naturally, but rather as if she were asleep, or partially under the influence of an anæsthetic, yet conscious of her approaching end and of her inability to go somewhere to this imaginary being to whom she seemed to address her conversation. She would repeat over and over the words, 'I can't come to you, Starr, I can't come.' At first we thought she referred to some inanimate thing; but before she died we learned that 'Starr' was the name of some person who appeared to exercise a strong influence over her, so strong that her last words, as John's wife placed her infant by her side, were—'Starr's child!' A moment later she was dead.

She talked much about the child, of 'Starr's' pleasure at its birth, and of the wonderful power it would have; and here let me say, gentlemen, that the infant is a most remarkable one. Excepting in its eyes it does not resemble its mother in any way, and in them only with regard to their size, for while the mother's must have been at times soft and

dreamy, the child's are strangely bright and sharp and very attractive. It has a large head, and strong and well-developed limbs. Dr. Kean remarked that in all his practice he had never seen an infant so animated. On its left breast is a well-defined cross. There would be nothing uncommon in this, for there are but few of us who do not carry a birth-mark; but it is a singular coincidence that we took from the dead mother's finger a massive gold ring set with pearls in the form of a cross, surrounded by four star-shaped diamonds. The ring is a curiosity in itself, and of great value. This may yet serve as a clew.

Everything about the woman indicated wealth and refinement, and yet, with all the effort we have made, we have been unable to find any one who knows anything about her. While she was at the Morgue, there were hundreds who called to view her remains; but none could say they had ever seen her before. We did not deem it best, under the circumstances, to allow her to be buried in the Potter's Field, so we saw that she was decently interred. The boy we have placed in the care of John's wife. We expected that we should, before now, have discovered some clew that would lead to the discovery of

the lady's relatives, and while we should have been justified in delivering both mother and child over to the city, and under ordinary circumstances should have done so, the rich dress and jewelry that she wore were a sufficient guarantee that her immediate connections would pay any expense we might be put to. Besides, we thought, from day to day and from week to week, that the mystery surrounding her would be explained and her identity made known. Her clothes and jewelry are in the hands of the police department, awaiting the claim that would at once clear up the obscurity that now shrouds the whole case.

“As I said in the beginning, all the information we have is to be found in her rambling statements which were taken down by Dr. Kean, and of which I have given you the substance. We could not get her to tell her name. She would not talk about herself, or her former connections and surroundings. Most of her talk was to this ‘Starr,’ and that was so incomprehensible that we could make comparatively nothing out of it. This is all the report that I can make.”

Dr. Hendon seated himself, and the chairman again rose and said: “Gentlemen, this meeting

was called at the suggestion of some of my brother members who thought that, inasmuch as the boy was born in our domain, and the expenses have so far been borne by the committee appointed from our number, the whole matter had become a part of the business of the club, and the question to be disposed of at this time is—What shall be done with our newest and youngest member?”

“I move,” said one, “that if he is not called for, we adopt him.”

“Good! good!” was the cry that echoed through the room. The idea was a novel one, and was mentioned at first as a jest, but for some reason it found favor, and after some discussion of the matter it was decided that the baby, who had been so unceremoniously thrust upon them, should be the *protégé* of the club; that the money required for its care should be taken from the treasury and the general management of the matter should be left with a committee then and there appointed.

Thus began the life of a being that was to exercise unknown powers, a weird strange life, that might forever leave it an open question whether it were well that he lived. Has there lived, will there ever live, a man with more bad

than good in him? Can we say of any one after he has gone hence to that new awakening or to endless sleep, that it were better had he never been born? Is there an unseen power that takes (to us) doubtful measures to elevate mankind in the rapid growth toward a perfect civilization? Have we, under any circumstances, a right to gauge good and evil from our own stand-point? These are questions that will meet us as we review the life of that child born in a club-house.

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed, and the club still held its meetings in the old building in the rear of Fourth Avenue. For some time the event with which our story opened was the leading topic of conversation every evening; and when one of the committee in whose charge the child's affairs were placed appeared, he was instantly beset with questions as to whether anything new in the matter had occurred. The answer was almost invariably, "There is nothing new to tell you." Sometimes a fancied clew to the child's identity would be taken up by the police, but always had to be abandoned as leading to nothing satisfactory.

At last the search was given up, and the boy finally adopted by the club, much to the satisfaction of Dr. Hendon, who had been from the first deeply interested in him; while his friends, considering their duty in the matter done, now

went back to their old routine of talk and study, and seldom remembered for more than a few moments their baby *protégé* and his uncere-
monious advent among them. Now and then the matter of money needed for his support came before them, but the larger part of the expense had been borne by Hendon.

The Doctor was wealthy. He had no family, having never been married, yet he kept the old home left him by his deceased father.

He was a man of deep thought and, had he been poor and obliged to rely on his own exertions, would have done well in any position in which he might have been placed, but more than all, he found his little charge developing day by day into a study—a wonder.

The club at one of its meetings, held about the time the infant was adopted by them, had given him the name of Starr Cross. The first name suggested itself from the fact of the mother so constantly calling "Starr! Starr!" "And the Cross was added," as one of the facetious members said. It was, however, made a part of the child's name by Dr. Hendon, who still clung to the somewhat romantic view that the birth-mark of a cross upon the child's breast and the peculiar ring taken from its dead

mother's finger had some connection, and in this belief he had been strengthened by the vein of reading and thinking into which he had fallen of late years.

Little Starr was a study, and it is no wonder that his benefactor found in him food for many of the new theories that he had adopted.

While at college the Doctor had a roommate named James, who was a somnambulist in a remarkable degree. This young man would rise in his sleep, dress himself, go out, and be gone for hours. Returning, he would bring in plants, flowers, and roots, which he would classify and arrange in a cabinet he kept for the purpose. James never took any interest in botany in his waking moments, and could hardly tell one flower from another; yet while asleep, he not only arranged the plants in their order, giving them their classical names, but was never known to bring home two specimens of a kind, or a leaf or flower that he had already obtained.

This singular characteristic of his room-mate made a deep impression upon the Doctor. He watched his friend night after night; he followed him in his wanderings; he noticed that James never went to the same place twice; he saw, too, that he possessed a wonderful faculty

of avoiding all obstacles—obstacles that the Doctor himself would certainly have encountered had he been alone; and all this the somnambulist did without the aid of his eyes, which in these night ramblings remained closed.

This was a subject for thought and speculation which was fascinating, and Hendon took so strong an interest in it that he found himself neglecting his academic studies. James could give him little information. “It was a peculiarity,” he said, “that he had been told his father before him had shown, though in a less degree.” He further informed the Doctor that he never felt any fatigue from his nocturnal travels. His mind (in sleep) would seem to be absorbed on one subject for days and weeks, and sometimes for months, and then would change and take up some other matter, but never worked in unison with his waking thoughts.

Always occupying himself in this sleep-walking state with some subject in which he was not at other times interested, he thereby subjected himself at times to great inconvenience, by expending money in his schemes that he could ill afford to spare from his regular college expenses. “I feel,” said he, “as if I were living two lives in one. I have not the slightest

knowledge of what I do when asleep, and yet this other existence keeps me constantly anxious lest I commit some act entailing upon me much trouble, if not the forfeit of my life."

The more Dr. Hendon investigated the subject of somnambulism, the more he was convinced that it was but little understood. At that time his researches led him to read all the treatises upon it that he could obtain, and he was assisted in this by his friend James. They together tried many experiments, but these aided them but little, except, perhaps, to demonstrate the fact that sleep-walking was less likely to occur when the somnambulist was much tired or under the influence of some narcotic.

James' case differed from most of the others that they found described, and was also more interesting, in that, while in ordinary cases the sleep-walker was said to perform his customary work, James never was known to do so, but, on the contrary, acted in opposition to his likes and dislikes while awake, thus conflicting with the hypothesis that certain faculties are wakeful, open to impressions, and actuated by volition; while others, and the mind in general, are plunged in profound unconsciousness. In this

instance the phenomena were not acted dreams or delusions; James could not be deceived while in this state, but seemed to be acutely alive to his surroundings.

This, as we have said, made a deep impression on the Doctor, and after leaving college he continued his study of the matter until about the time little Starr was born. Just prior to that he had taken up, in connection with sleep-walking, Spiritualism, it having attracted his attention a few years before by a little pamphlet of forty or fifty pages, treating on the subject of the Fox mystery, in or near Rochester, N. Y. While his investigations in this new field were not as satisfactory as he would have liked, there was much connected with the phenomena that was interesting to a mind at work upon similar topics. He did not undertake the unravelling of the mystery from any sceptical standpoint, but rather as a branch of the subject that was still engrossing his attention. While he found much that was false, and more that could be explained by natural causes, he did discover certain phases of the new doctrine that were unexplainable by any laws with which he was acquainted. As the belief in it grew in the world, and mediums, so called, would in this

trance state do things that it seemed impossible for them to do unassisted—would read, write and declaim in a manner that he was compelled to admit they were incapable of in a natural condition, each case withal appearing much like that of his old friend,—Dr. Hendon put new vigor into his work. He no longer confined himself to the study of somnambulism, but eagerly read everything that in any way touched upon the subject of the power of mind over the body, such as electro-biology, odylism, animal magnetism, mesmerism, and the like; and the year 1850 found him, after fifteen years of study, convinced that, while it would be difficult to explain to others many of the conclusions at which he had arrived, he was on the right track to the discovery of important truths. While at times his theories were mere conjectures, he continued his investigations until they became verified or explained. This he would do with each new speculation, so that, while many of his hypotheses were limited to his own process of imagining as possible causes, he consoled himself with the thought that the world had accepted theories as facts with far less proof than he had required to satisfy himself.

“What actual knowledge have we,” he would reason, “that the ethereal substance whose undulations are supposed to constitute light in its passage from the sun to the earth has a real existence? Newton had but a theory, when he said that the force of gravity on the earth, as exemplified in falling bodies, might extend to the moon and might be the power that compelled it to circle round the earth instead of going off in a straight line through space. It was only received as a speculation at the time, but to-day we accept it as fact—do we know it to be a fact? What is gravitation but a *supposed* force?”

“Again,” he meditated, “the question of the origin of the sun’s light and heat has several times been settled to the satisfaction of astronomers, yet always has arisen again, as some new discovery or invention proved the last theory false. It has been the labor of astronomers to ascertain the distance, size, and nature of that great luminary upon which not only our well-being, but our very existence, depends; and what is the result? We are told *now* that, as the particles which form the sun have gradually come together under the influence of gravitation, the result has been the

conversion of potential energy into motion or kinetic energy, and of the latter into heat, and this vague and unsatisfactory theory will be accepted as the true one until another is advanced.

“When Thales, six hundred years before Christ, found that two pieces of amber rubbed together would attract light and dry bodies, he did not know that the cause of this phenomenon was the great power which to-day is called electricity. Gilbert, of Colchester, when he published his book called ‘*De Arte Magnetica*’ in 1600 A.D., thought he had exhausted the subject. A hundred and forty years after this, Dufay stated to the world, that there were two kinds of electricity, and was laughed at by the learned men of his day. Not until Armstrong designed his hydro-electric machine, some twenty years ago, was there much interest manifested in this science, but since that time rapid progress has been made in it. But what is electricity? Who can answer? What are its powers? Who can tell? All that is known is that if certain things are done, certain results will follow. Professor Morse was not able to explain the power which he showed the world in his telegraph. He could only say, ‘It is a power which can be utilized

for the good of man.' The science is still in its infancy, wise men tell us, and the only reason they can give for this statement is that new discoveries concerning its powers are constantly being made, and as constantly surprising those who think they at least partially understand it. There are many theories, and out of them will come the truth.

"So it is with mesmerism. We cannot explain its causes; all we can do is to satisfy ourselves that this mesmeric power does exist. Take some bright object and hold it between the fingers of the left hand, about a foot from the eyes of some person on whom you wish to experiment, in such a position above the forehead as to produce the greatest strain upon the eyes compatible with a fixed stare at the object; then, directing the person to rivet his attention on the object at which he is gazing, you will notice that his pupils will at first contract, but soon considerably dilate. Now after they are well dilated, let the first and second fingers of your right hand extend, a little separated, and carry them from the bright object toward the patient's eyes. You will probably see his eyelids close with a vibratory motion, and in fifteen or twenty seconds you will find

that he is unconscious. You will discover that all the special senses, except sight, are at first extremely exalted, as also are the muscular sense and the sensibility to heat and cold; but after a time this exaltation is followed by a state of depression far greater than the torpor of natural sleep. This is called hypnotism, and the person acted upon is hypnotized. Notice the rigidity of the muscles and the profound torpor of the nervous system, and tell me why this is so. This is not without use to the medical fraternity, for we find that many operations of surgery have been performed upon patients in this hypnotized state, without pain. Now go further. Discard the bright object, fix your mental power on the person whom you wish to control, look him directly in the eye and, with absolute repose of the body and general quietude, a feeling of stupor will be experienced by him. It is not the eye alone that does this, for the experiment succeeds with the blind. We must grant that there are unknown powers at work. Gravity, heat, electricity are established natural agents; but until we understand all the laws governing them, we are not certain of the limit of their power. The

day may come when some force shall be found to explain all these phenomena that are now so puzzling, and perhaps prove that all these apparently different agents are but varied manifestations of the same power."

The Doctor's arguments were unanswerable, and soon his friends learned not only to respect his views, but to consult his opinion on any subject to which he had given his attention. Is it any wonder that, when he found the child in his care growing up a living proof of what before he had considered one of his many theories that would never be demonstrated a fact, he was deeply interested in him? Dr. Hendon would not have been satisfied with the views of any other man on the subject of mesmerism, but would always have been sceptical, had he not found that the ability to control others was strong in himself. It is true he found there were only few over whom he could exert this power, and he felt he had gained another step when he saw that he could tell just what person he could put into a mesmeric trance. But here was a young boy, a mere child who could give him instruction in powers that seemed superhuman.

Dr. Hendon's attention was first called to

young Starr's peculiarities by Mrs. Holt, the woman in whose charge he had been placed when but an infant. She, on one of the Doctor's visits, when he came to pay her for her services, asked him to observe the peculiar attitude of the cat, with which the child, then about two years old, was playing. The animal lay as if dead, and the boy was pulling it here and there.

"Why, what is the matter with the cat? Is it dead?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"No," responded Mrs. Holt, "I first noticed the cat's willingness to allow baby to abuse her almost a year ago, when I first brought it home, a little kitten. I noticed that Starr was struck with amazement to see the little thing gambol about the room. I thought he was frightened, for his eyes that are always so bright, seemed larger and more shining, but I soon saw my mistake, when the kitten began to move towards him and he held out his tiny hands and cooed. Would you believe it, the kitten actually went up to that baby and kept as still as death, while he played with it till he was tired. It never once tried to scratch or bite him, however roughly he handled it. Since then it has been his constant companion, and now that he

has commenced to walk alone, it follows him like a little dog."

"This is strange," said the Doctor, and he went up to examine the cat. He was still more surprised when he found, on taking it up, that it seemingly was void of life; on carrying it to the door, however, it revived.

The Doctor brought back the kitten, and placing it upon the floor, commenced a conversation with Mrs. Holt, but kept his eyes upon the child and cat. His surprise can be imagined when he saw Starr fix his eyes on his pet, who immediately seemed to be mesmerized, and walked directly towards him. "Can it be," the Doctor asked himself, "that this child has such a power over animals as this seems to indicate? I will prove it." Whereupon he went out, and after a short time reappeared with a small dog, which he told Mrs. Holt he considered a better companion for a boy than a cat would be.

She at once acquiesced, as in duty bound, for she well knew she was getting a great deal of money for very little work. The Doctor watched the child as the dog was untied from the string which had been attached to him, to enable the Doctor to bring him to the house.

The child looked old beyond his years, Dr. Hendon noticed. The dog at first crawled under a chair. Hendon saw that Starr was looking intently at this new kind of animal which commenced to show signs of uneasiness, moving back against the wall, and then crouching as if in fear, but the child seemed to be aware of his powers, and continued to gaze. Mrs. Holt was so interested in telling her visitor all the little gossip of the place, that nothing but a thunderbolt would have called her attention away from her subject. She was much pleased to see the Doctor sitting familiarly down, and taking so much interest, apparently, in her stories, but he did not hear a word she was saying. His whole attention was absorbed in watching the child and its new pet. Soon the dog moved out from under the chair and whined; still the little child looked; still the woman continued to tell what she thought of her next-door neighbor, who allowed more than one young man to call on her daughter, and still the man before her was oblivious of everything but the child and dog.

The animal crawled toward little Starr, slowly as if in fear, and yet as if it could not

help doing so; crawled until it reached the feet of the little boy, who knew his power so well that he did not at any time make any demonstrations toward going to the dog, for he realized that he could compel it to come to him, and so it did; and the Doctor left the house,—left it without bidding good old Mrs. Holt good-day; left it without taking the receipt that she had laboriously prepared for him (for she prided herself on her business quality and made it her rule always to give a receipt when any money was paid her); left it with the knowledge that the child who had always seemed strange to him, not only had given him that day a glimpse of a power he himself had before been ready to accept as existing, but had never seen exercised, but by his act seemed to throw a new light upon the dying utterances of his mother, which Hendon had taken for the ravings of insanity.

CHAPTER IV.

DOCTOR HENDON took his ward home when Starr was about four years old. He showed himself a precocious child, and even at that age was as far advanced as many children at nine or ten. He seemed never to have been a baby, caring nothing for the amusements which usually interested little ones. He found his greatest pleasure in his pets, of which the Doctor gave him many. He possessed rabbits, dogs, cats, squirrels, and mice, and would spend his time playing, sometimes with one alone, but oftener with them all. His guardian noticed that none were free from his mesmeric control, though it was manifested differently in the various animals. After he had learned to read, Starr divided his time between his pets and the books that the Doctor procured for him. He showed so strong a preference for books treating of animals, that Doctor Hendon generally pur-

chased them rather than the ordinary story-books.

Starr never cared for the company of children of his own age, and singularly enough the little folks seemed to have a certain fear of him and would cry whenever he came near them, though he appeared perfectly indifferent with regard to them. There was one exception to this rule, however, which his guardian noticed when the boy was six or seven years old; and this exception is worthy of note.

Doctor Hendon owned the whole estate running through from the street on which his dwelling-house was built to another back street running parallel with the first. In a fit of generosity he had built a house on this back street, for the use of one of his servants for whom he felt a special regard and who was to be married. Between the two houses was a high fence which cut off all communication between them, save through a small door cut into this fence for the benefit of his servant. This had been done some years prior to the advent of little Starr.

One morning Doctor Hendon had been looking for Starr in the garden, and not finding him there, was about to return to the house to inquire of the nurse the boy's whereabouts, when,

seeing the small gate in the fence ajar, he glanced through into the other yard. There he beheld the child he was in search of seated placidly on a low garden chair, his cat and rabbits at his feet, and his dog performing his most curious tricks for the apparent edification of a wee bit of a girl who was standing near, her little hands clasped behind her, her head bent forward, and her lips apart. This child could not have been more than three years old,—a small, slender, unhealthy-looking creature, with hair almost white, eyes so very light that only a close scrutiny could reveal any color whatever in them, a nose that looked pinched as if by a protracted illness, and beneath it a small mouth now open, disclosing uneven teeth that even at her early age had begun to decay. A child that one might safely predict would not see its fifth year. There were tear-stains on the pallid cheeks, and the colorless eyes were filled with unshed drops. What did this mean, thought the Doctor, as he awaited further developments. He perceived that while Starr was trying to amuse his companion by the clever tricks of his dog, he was watching her very closely, and giving but a small share of his attention to the animal. Hendon was too well acquainted with his ward's will-power

to be surprised at seeing the little girl draw gradually nearer to Starr until at last she stood close beside him.

From that time Starr was often found in the company of this child; yet they never played together as other children do; the boy showed no more affection for her than for his dogs and cats, and the Doctor doubted his having any love for them, for he never seemed to evince any sorrow at the loss of a pet, provided he could get another to replace it. The little girl, from the time that Starr first saw her, seemed to gain new life; the change was so marked that all who knew her noticed and wondered. She was always happy when with Starr, and was his servant, his slave. She never complained of his treatment of her, and never hesitated to do as he bade her.

As Starr grew older, he gave less attention to his playfellows and more to his studies, and the experiments with which he delighted to follow them up. When he was nine years old his guardian sent him away to a boarding-school, but he remained there only one term. He was returned to Doctor Hendon with the statement from the principal that, while there was no fault to be found with the boy's deportment, his

strange habits and comments, coupled with the influence he exerted over the other boys, were such that it was not deemed conducive to the interests of the school to allow him to remain. This was not wholly unexpected to the Doctor, who had viewed the sending of Starr to a school as rather an experiment, and now upon the boy's return undertook his education himself, spending one or two hours each day in the work.

Doctor Hendon was much pleased with his pupil's proficiency, and the rapid strides he made, noticing, however, that while he gave careful study to any subject which was brought before him, there were certain branches which absorbed his closest attention. He never acted as if it were irksome for him to devote an hour or two every day to the books his teacher gave to him; but he did show, by the long hours and patient thought that he gave to such studies as chemistry, botany, philosophy, and anatomy, that the investigation of those subjects was to him rather recreation than work. He was never satisfied with merely learning what the various authors had to say, but wished to test every statement of theirs by personal experiment.

The Doctor had long before seen that these

traits of character were inherited by Starr; and instead of checking his natural inclinations, rather encouraged them, and never refused the money needed for the purchase of books or apparatus for the pursuance of the boy's plans; many of Starr's experiments gave such remarkable results that he was satisfied the money was well invested.

When Starr was twelve years old his friend knew that he was well fitted to enter college, but as he had expressed a wish to continue his studies at home, and as the Doctor well remembered the boarding-school experience, the matter was allowed to drop. Starr, however, needed now but little oversight in his work, and he was allowed to proceed without any suggestions from his guardian except when he himself requested them.

This could safely be done, for the boy had never taken hold of his studies as though driven to them, but rather as if he had a purpose in view which he felt he could not accomplish without having mastered the steps already made by others in certain directions.

The Doctor saw with pleasure that the student took an absorbing interest in medical or, more properly, surgical books, and he was at times

ashamed of his own lack of knowledge on points that seemed familiar to Starr. He said to himself, "I must brush up my studies, and not allow this young fellow to know more of my profession than I do." Here young Starr showed the same propensity to put every theory to the test, unwilling to rely on the observations of others, and for this purpose would sacrifice any of his old pets. These experiments, if successful, constantly suggested new ideas to the lad, who never hesitated to put them into execution. He discovered that he could exchange the hair of a dog for cat hair, and from the time he obtained a new dog or cat until its death, which generally followed some of his experiments, it was never free from some surgical truth that was being tested upon it.

There was no drug known to the *materia medica* that Starr could not tell you the effect of—at least upon a dog. His guardian would have hesitated to allow Starr to go to such a length, had he not been a physician himself with the memory of his own college days spent in a similar manner still fresh in his memory, though he had never carried his slaughtering operations so far as his pupil was doing. The latter, however, never seemed to torture his animals for

the sake of giving them pain, but in every act said plainly, "You may suffer great agony from my treatment, but I do not do this with that purpose, and I wish for your sake that it hurt you less; but I must know the result of this operation which can only be performed while you live."

It may have been that Starr was unconscious of the pain he was inflicting, or he may have possessed such control over the poor brutes that they were insensible (and the Doctor was inclined to take this view when he perceived that they did not show signs of suffering); or, again, the boy may have been void of any compassion, and his whole life would incline a casual observer to this belief.

Doctor Hendon never but once noticed any indication of roguishness or humor in the many original operations of his ward. He discovered, on returning home after an absence of some months, a dog running around with two rabbit's ears and the tail of a horse in the place of his natural appendages. The whole appearance of the creature was so ridiculous that the Doctor could not restrain his laughter, but there was nothing in the countenance of Starr to indicate that he viewed the matter as at all ludicrous. On examination, Doctor Hendon found that

both the ears and tail were growing, and the place where they were joined to the body was almost healed. It was clear that both a horse and a rabbit had been sacrificed, as this could only have been done by having living animals near at hand, and at once grafting their amputated members on the body of the dog, who had had his own ears and tail removed at the same time.

Of all such experiments as the above, perhaps the most remarkable not only in the difficulties which must have been met and overcome, but in the scientific result of it, was the one which the Doctor found out on Starr's birthday. It had occurred to him, while riding that morning, that this was the fourteenth anniversary of his ward's birth. As usual he purchased a birthday gift for the boy, and on his arrival home went to Starr's room to present it. Not finding him here or in several other rooms which he looked into, he at last went to a room above the kitchen which Starr had fitted up years before as a laboratory. The physician seldom went to this room unless asked by Starr to do so for the purpose of assisting him, and it so happened that he had not been in the vicinity of the chamber for the last six or eight months. Starr always kept it locked, at his request, to prevent

the servants from intruding and meddling with any of the instruments and chemicals placed there. Hendon, however, had a key to it, and now finding the door locked, and yet hearing a noise within, he unfastened the door and entered.

What was his surprise to find that Starr had taken two dogs and joined them in such a way that the blood of one passed into the veins of the other. A glass tube was attached to the profunda or deep femoral artery of dog number one; a rubber tube connected this with another glass tube fixed to the pulmonary vein of dog number two. By a similar but smaller tube was the femoral vein of the second dog attached to the portal vein of the first. The two dogs were tied in such a manner that it was impossible for them to disconnect themselves. The Doctor could see by the glass tubes that there was circulation of the blood between the two, but he could not fail to see that the effect upon dog number two was anything but conducive to his health. On the return of Starr, he asked him what he was trying to demonstrate by such an experiment, and the young man replied, "I was trying to ascertain if one animal is capable of existing through the nourishment that another

takes; and I have succeeded, for one of these dogs has eaten nothing for over a month." But after a moment's reflection he added, "But there is no saving: the other dog eats enough for both."

CHAPTER V.

IN an attorney's office, situated near the lower end of Broadway, sat two men engaged in conversation. A single glance would reveal the lawyer and proprietor in the one who sat near the desk, his pen still held in his fingers. He was a man of perhaps fifty years of age, who, for half that period had given his whole time and thought to his business, and his professional brethren had long since discovered that, though James Largur was shrewd, cautious, and successful, he was narrow and cramped as only a practitioner of that stamp can be.

His companion deserves a more careful consideration. He was a man whose age it would be difficult to determine from his looks. He might have been sixty or more, if judged by his gray hair and the lines upon his face. On the other hand, his deep-set, bright and earnest

eyes, which seemed still strong and youthful, and his straight and powerfully built frame made it seem impossible that he could have passed forty. The brow was high and full and broad, the nose slightly pointed, the cheekbones high and the mouth resolute. Every feature of the smoothly shaven face indicated strong will, which would not be easily set aside. A careful study of his countenance would convince one that he would not hesitate to do anything to accomplish his purpose; there was, too, an austere and cynical look there which would not be noticed by the casual observer, who would be attracted by his brilliant eyes and stalwart figure.

But little was known of this man; that he was wealthy; that he kept an establishment in the upper part of the city; that he was called Professor Barlow; that he had few if any acquaintances, and that he was seldom seen, was the sum total of the information that had been gleaned about him. As is usual in such cases, there were those who hinted of strange and dark deeds with which he had been connected—of secret undertakings that would not bear the light of day.

If the attorney knew more of this singular

man than did the rest of the world, he never, by word or look, let any one be the wiser for it. It was not known whether his relations with the Professor were those of counsellor and client, or whether the latter's calls at the office were mere friendly visits.

To-day, Professor Barlow was more earnest than usual, and it could be seen by the frequent ejaculations of Esquire Largur that he was far from being pleased with the turn the conversation had taken. They spoke low,—this might have been from force of habit, or to prevent being overheard by the clerk in the room adjoining, the door between being open.

“You must do this for me,” said the Professor in a somewhat louder tone.

“I tell you it is impossible,” replied the attorney, “he is my client as well as yourself, and I must keep faith with him.”

“Could it not be accomplished without his knowledge of your connection with the affair?”

“Perhaps you can suggest a plan?”

“I can and will,” replied Professor Barlow, “and it is simply this: You invite him here on some pretext, some matter of business on which you wish to consult him. On the appointed day I will happen in; you are suddenly called

away; you introduce us to each other, and ask the physician to remain here until your return. You can leave the rest with me."

"Why did you not suggest this before," the lawyer exclaimed, "and spare me the discourtesy of refusing your request? You have ever seemed so indifferent to the people that you have met here that I have thought that you did not care to form new acquaintances, and so have refrained from any attempt to establish friendly relations between you and them."

"You are right about my disinclination to increase my list of acquaintances," said the Professor, smiling a little, "but I make this an exceptional case."

"Very well, I am not surprised that you, who are so peculiar yourself, should feel some interest in this strange youth, but why you should carry it to such an extent is, to say the least, remarkable. Before my telling you about his coming here and startling me by his request that I should define the rights a person had in the disposal of his body, and how far one could go in a purchase of that kind to take effect on the decease of the person wishing to sell, I did not have the pleasure of seeing you here once in six months; now you do me the honor to call two

or three times a week. I doubt if I should have mentioned the boy to you, had you not met him going out from here and inquired his name."

"But you did not tell me his name."

"True, for I did not know it. He had been here once before with Dr. Hendon, who mentioned that the youth was a ward of his. I did, however, at your request, try to ascertain something more about him, but, as you well know, found Dr. Hendon disinclined to talk upon the subject."

"Yet he told you that he knew nothing of the young man's parentage?"

"Yes, and that was about all I could get out of him."

"I think you told me at the time that he said the boy was fourteen years old?"

"So I did."

"And that there was a mystery connected with his birth?" continued the Professor.

"True, but that I had told you this had slipped my mind."

"If I remember rightly, you told me, since this matter came up, that he once consulted you upon his rights and duties in the premises, should any one claim the boy?"

"I see, Professor, that this matter has made a

deeper impression on your mind than it has on my own."

"Perhaps it has," said Professor Barlow, rising from his chair. "What day shall I have the pleasure of meeting this physician here?"

"Oh, well, the day after to-morrow. I must first send my office-boy to learn if it will be convenient for Dr. Hendon to come then, and at what hour, and if he can come, I will at once notify you."

"No," responded the Professor, "you need not trouble yourself to do that. I will send my man here to-morrow afternoon, and you can send me word by him."

Professor Barlow left the office, and Largur, opening the book that always lay before him, charged the gentleman ten dollars for consultation. As he did so, he soliloquized—"Now I wonder what all this means. His bill will be large this quarter. Oh, well, he can afford it, and expects me to charge heavily; my time is valuable, but I don't suppose he will make any objection to the bill; he never does, and I make it a little larger every time. True, it has never been enormous, for he does not have as much legal business done as I could wish. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy—

Whew!" whistled the lawyer, "I did not think he had called so many times; I think I will not charge him for services in this case, only for consultation.

"Now I wonder," he went on, looking earnestly at a fly who was trying to climb out of his inkstand, "why he is making so much effort in this direction." The pronoun "he" did not refer to the fly, but to Professor Barlow. "It can't be that he has made a discovery that will be of value."

(He still was thinking of the Professor, though staring at the fly, who had clearly made a discovery.)

"It is strange how very careful he is!" (Now he could not have referred to the fly, although he raised his pen and pointed it directly at the insect who had reached the top of the inkstand and was peering over it at another of his kind, apparently diligently trying to decipher the attorney's handwriting.) "This is the third time I have offered to send my office-boy to his house, and each time he has refused to allow it. Strange, too, that I have had a client for more than fifteen years and never have discovered where he lives!"

(The fly had now crawled down upon some paper lying near, and walking slowly and,

without any apparent design, was writing in strange characters on the blank paper with his ink-stained feet. The attorney had not once during his soliloquy removed his eyes from Mr. Fly. He had watched him emerge from the ink, seen him pause on the edge of the stand and look down on his companion, watched him as he rolled down on the paper, and was still looking fixedly at him as he continued)—

“There must be something about this youth that needs looking into. Here Dr. Hendon comes into my office with a boy and, when I show an interest in the same, baffles my curiosity and thereby strengthens it; the boy himself comes and questions me about purchasing people’s bodies before they are done with them; and then this singular client of mine, happening to meet the boy, looks at him as if he disputed his right to exist, then wants me to find out all about the lad for him! I wonder what he will do next.” (If the lawyer referred now to the insect before him, he had not long to wait for the answer to the question. The fly moved down a little on the paper, then commenced to travel back, and the lawyer, still looking at him and thinking of his client, went on)—

“I would like to hear what they say to each

other, but neither of them will ever inform me. They are both unlike other men, and yet do not resemble each other. Well, well, we will see what we will see."

Here he put the end of his penholder in his mouth, as was his habit when thinking, and began to bite it. Having bitten off a small piece he spit it out of his mouth and it struck on the paper near the fly, who had got to the end of it and was now deeply thinking whether to step off or go back. When the splinter from the penholder struck him he decided to move off, and so did at once.

Just then the attorney drew a long breath, and for the first time noticed the paper lying before him. He picked it up and looked at it. There was the trail of ink that the fly had left behind as he travelled down the sheet; at the bottom where the insect had crawled around, in apparently aimless fashion, was a curious-looking figure, and Largur held the scrap nearer to examine it. Suddenly he threw the paper into the waste-basket with an exclamation of impatience with himself, and his cheek grew a trifle paler. In the queer design, his eye had detected the almost exact representation of a skull and cross-bones.

CHAPTER VI.

PROFESSOR BARLOW having received notice that Dr. Hendon would be at the office of James Largur, Esq., at a day and hour named, was present at the appointed time. The Doctor, all unconscious of the object for which he was summoned, was rather ahead of the hour stated. Scarcely had the attorney greeted his other visitor, when a boy entered and handed him a note. The lawyer, making enough show of reading the message not to arouse suspicion in the Doctor's mind, laid it down and said, turning toward his two clients:

"Gentlemen, it is most unfortunate, but the fact is I have been requested to step over to the court-house to attend to a little matter that cannot be delayed. Will you excuse me for fifteen or twenty minutes? It will not take me longer."

"Certainly," replied the Doctor; "take your

time, and I will remain here until your return."

"And I," said Prof. Barlow, "am wholly at your disposal. I have nothing so important to see you about, that another day will not answer as well."

"But if you are willing to wait, I would like to have you. The business I have with this gentleman will take but a very few minutes and, were not the request for my presence at the court-house peremptory, I would delay until I had attended to it. Perhaps the time would seem shorter, if you were acquainted with each other." The attorney thereupon introduced the two men and hastened away.

The Professor had not been idle all this time, but had been steadily at work at the object he had in view. Sitting there before Dr. Hendon, he had learned more of that gentleman's likes and dislikes than many of the physician's friends knew. He had discovered that on one subject which had absorbed much time and study, the Doctor was never tired of talking. This subject he proposed to make the starting-point from which to approach another matter which had caused him, for the first and only time in his life, to seek to be presented to another

man. It was peculiarly fortunate for him that the topic upon which Dr. Hendon was most ready to converse, was one he himself understood both in theory and practice. Although not in the habit of mingling much with his fellow-men, the Professor knew enough of human nature to be sure that he could not obtain, by direct questions, the information he desired concerning the young man, when the guardian was so reluctant to talk with the attorney about his ward.

He therefore determined to commence with the Doctor's pet theories and from them lead carefully up to his point. If he were not successful in this, he would obtain Dr. Hendon's consent to call upon him at his own house; "and if," thought the Professor, "I am obliged to invite him to my house, he *shall* tell me. I hope it will not come to that; but it may, for I see I have not a weak man to deal with."

During this mental calculation of Professor Barlow's, the usual formalities attending a first meeting had been gone through with. The Professor himself opened the conversation by saying: "I notice that you have the same name as the author of several papers on animal magnetism and hypnotism, that I have taken great pleasure in perusing, in one of the few magazines I per-

mit myself to read. Perhaps you and the author may be one and the same person?"

"I have written some articles on that subject," responded the physician.

"Ah! then I am more fortunate in meeting you, Doctor, than I could have expected, for that is a topic in which I am more than ordinarily interested."

"May I ask whether your opinions coincide with the views I have expressed?"

"I agree fully with all that you have said and would go even further than you have gone. I believe this is an age when science is taking most prodigious strides, not only in the direction of mesmerism but also in and towards the discovery of the laws that govern electricity and gravitation."

"And do you think, Professor, that heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and gravitation, each have separate laws?"

"I do not. On the contrary, I think they are all the products of one single and simple principle. I am convinced of this so far as electricity and gravitation are concerned, and I believe it is generally accepted by those who have made the subject a study, that animal magnetism, neur hypnotism, mesmerism, or whatever else we

may call the phenomenon of one mind's controlling another, is but electricity or magnetism."

"I think you are right," responded the Doctor, "and it is my opinion that electricity will be the agent to bring about this end."

"Do you think, Doctor, that in mesmerizing a person you act upon his imagination and, by means of this alone, control him?"

"No, I do not; for I find that I can control certain persons without their knowledge or consent, while others who wish me to mesmerize them, and are willing to exercise their imaginations to any extent I might wish, I am yet unable to exert any influence over."

"Have you ever examined one of those who are easily mesmerized, to compare the mind and body with one of the least susceptible?"

"I have made investigations in that direction, and find that while I control the mind as well as the body, there must be certain conditions of the body to enable me to control the mind. For illustration, the first person over whom I exerted this power was a young lady, so charged with electricity as to affect the works of a common watch when carried about her person, and prevent it from keeping accurate time."

“And how about the other extreme?” interrogated the Professor.

“As to that, I am in more doubt. I should however correct my statement that there were some who could not be operated upon. In using that expression I meant only to convey the idea that there were those whom I could not influence by the principles of mesmerism, even though they followed all the directions I gave them. Some of these I could affect by causing a slight strain to come upon their eyes, making them look fixedly at some object just above them for a certain length of time, thus compelling abstraction or concentration of attention until the patient became unconscious. This I account for by the hypothesis that the suppressed state of respiration prevents the proper purification of the blood and its circulation through the brain, and this decarbonized blood acts as a narcotic, resulting in a sleep to which we give the name of hypnotism. The patient would not long remain in this state, but would return to a normal condition or pass into a common sleep. There are very few people who cannot hasten the coming of sleep by resting quietly in an easy position and taking long, steady breaths.

“Now, mesmerism seems exactly opposite in its nature; for, while I find that those nervous people who breathe quickly and shortly are not easily hypnotized, they are very susceptible to mesmeric influence, and I believe that in mesmerism there is a special agent—a magnetic or electric fluid perhaps—by which medium the mental as well as the physical actions can be controlled. In hypnotism we have no power over the mind of our patient; in mesmerism we have complete command. Through the agency by which we control the will and actions of a human subject, we can to a certain extent manage inanimate things.”

“Do you think the young possess this power of mesmerizing?”

“I do, for there is a young man living with me who has it in a remarkable degree.”

“How old is the young man of whom you speak?”

“He is not yet fourteen.”

“I would like to see him.”

The Doctor made no answer to this request of the Professor. Just at that moment there was a noise as of some one falling in the hallway, and whether that attracted his attention away from his companion's remark or whether he did not

care to answer it, and made that an excuse for not doing so, was not apparent. After waiting a short time, the Doctor made some remark about the noise, and then, as he did not volunteer anything further, Professor Barlow said :

“ You have carried on your investigations from a professional stand-point, I should judge, Doctor, from those articles of yours which I have read.”

“ True, I have followed them further in that direction than in any other.”

“ Have you made any cures by the laying on of hands, as some spiritual mediums claim to do?”

“ Yes. I was once called in great haste to a young lady whose family physician was away from home. On arriving at the house I found the lady suffering from a chronic affection of the stomach, which the attending physician had tried to allay by a stimulating treatment. I perceived there was acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, attended with uncontrollable vomiting. The inflammation had extended to the serous membrane, and the patient suffered most excruciating pain. When I saw her, she had vomited almost incessantly for twelve or fourteen days, having been

unable during that time to retain any food upon her stomach. There were other alarming symptoms. As a physician I could see no hope for her, but I perceived that she was susceptible to magnetic influence, and I laid my hands upon her stomach and made passes over it. In a few minutes she ceased groaning, and, on being asked if she felt better, replied that she did. I continued the passes for some fifteen or twenty minutes longer, when she dropped into a natural sleep. Her pulse changed in that time from an almost imperceptible flutter to a distinct and full pulsation. This sudden change was very pleasing to me, for when I first saw her I considered that the severe pains indicated that mortification, if not already begun, would soon take place."

"Do you think the state of the weather has anything to do with our bodily ailments?" asked the Professor, after a short pause.

"That was well settled in my mind long before the medical fraternity was willing to concede it. They admitted that the lower animals possess an instinctive knowledge of a coming storm, and yet they laughed at those persons who claimed to be able to tell a change in the weather by certain aches and pains. I am con-

vinced that there pervades the whole created universe some incomprehensible fluid that is fine, elastic, invisible, and imponderable. This aura or fluid serves as a medium of communication and a bond of union to all its parts, and is called electricity, electro-magnetism, elective and cohesive attraction, the attraction of gravitation, and many other names, which all mean the same uncomprehended power."

"Do you think that it is this same power which gives impulse and motion to all the planetary system?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"You have spoken of one person's possessing the power of mesmerizing more than another. Do you consider it hereditary?"

"I have given some thought to that, and, while I have no positive proof of it, I see no reason to doubt that a parent could transmit such a power as well as any other trait of character."

"How about the parents of the young man living with you? Did they possess the same qualities which he displays?"

"I cannot say as to that, for I did not know them."

"Oh, I beg pardon. It did not occur to me but that he was a connection of yours."

Dr. Hendon's "No," was not such as would encourage further inquiries on the part of the Professor. Twice that gentleman had tried in vain to lead the conversation in the desired direction, and he was now fully convinced of the uselessness of another attempt. There was but one course left for him to pursue. The Doctor was too much of a gentleman not to resent any prying into what he considered his private affairs. He was too strong for even the Professor to think of intimidating him, and no influence possible there could be exerted over him. Therefore Professor Barlow decided to invite him to his own house, knowing that, once there, all would be comparatively easy. The only thing to be done now was to so interest him in the conversation that he would be anxious to continue it. The Professor no longer acted the part of an interrogator, but advanced views of his own, which, while they were not entirely new to the physician, and were in the same general line as the topics they had been pursuing, yet possessed enough freshness to produce the desired effect. He asked :

"Have you given the subject of mesmerism any investigation with the purpose of ascer-

taining to what extent it can be used as a clairvoyant power?"

"I have been made aware that some subjects have the ability to see things that occur far away from them, but I have not followed the matter up, having confined myself rather to that phase of the subject which is more akin to my early studies."

"I, on the other hand," said the Professor, "have given it much attention."

"And have the results been satisfactory?"

"They were eminently so, for a time. I followed out the theories of the German authors, including Klüge, Wienholt, Walfert, Eschenmoyer, Passidant, Ennennoser. I reviewed the late editions of the French works, such as 'Les Annales du Magnetisme,' 'La Bibliothèque du Magnetisme,' and Dr. Pétetus' History of Magnetism, as well as the Dutch works of Dr. Baeker, of Graningen, but I found that none of them had gone to the root of the matter. I began making experiments. The first satisfactory result from them was in a boy, who in character was a mild, inoffensive child, but, after being mesmerized, imagined that he was a bird, and at my request would fly in any direction I wished, and tell me what

he saw on his voyages. I tested him by sending him to places which I knew he had never seen, and always found him correct in his descriptions of them. His whole strength lay in this, and I could not make him perform any other service. I continued, and found that in any person whom I was able to mesmerize there was more or less of this clairvoyant power. Some were confined to their own minds; that is to say, there were none of them but could recall impressions made by any or all of the past events of their lives. I found that they could repeat many incidents of their past experience that had been forgotten, and which they would fail to recall when in a natural state. Whenever I could learn if these statements were true by evidence outside, I have always found them to be correct. This may be taken as proof that nothing is actually forgotten; or rather, that the mind never loses an impression made upon it."

"I have perceived," said Hendon, "a state of mind, analogous to this, in people who have received a sudden blow."

"You refer to the statement made by sufferers from such accidents, that they for a time have a new body and are standing away

from their old one, looking on, and their ineffectual efforts to re-enter the frame which properly belongs to them?"

"I do, and I see that your attention has been called to such phenomena."

"Yes; and taking into consideration all of this, I am convinced that the many remarkably clear and circumstantial statements, made by the oracles of old, were nothing more nor less than results of clairvoyance. You will remember that a trusted sibyl would officiate at different shrines, as did she of Delphos, who was at the same time the sibyl of Eurythsia, Babylon, Cuma, and many other places. If this be so, the wonders of clairvoyance are far from being of modern origin."

"I think I must pay more attention to this branch of the subject, though I have by no means exhausted the field in which I have been working."

Just here the lawyer returned, and Dr. Hendon added:

"It has given me much pleasure to have met you, and I am half sorry that Mr. Largur has so soon arrived, to interrupt the conversation."

"Oh, never mind me, gentlemen," said the attorney; "keep right on with your talk."

"No, that would hardly be fair," said Professor Barlow; "but if you will honor me with your company some evening this week, nothing would afford me greater pleasure than the continuance of this subject."

"I would be pleased to call upon you, sir."

"When can you come, Doctor?"

"I am at your disposal for any evening that suits you best."

"Let us call it the evening after to-morrow."

"I will come."

"Do you know where the Professor lives?" interrupted Largur, who wanted to obtain the information himself.

"That you might not know where I reside had slipped my mind. I will write it down for you, as I have no card with me that has the address." Taking a pencil from his pocket, he stepped across the room to the desk, and looked it over. Then, not seeming to find the piece of paper that he wished, he stooped to pick out of the waste-basket a sheet, and was about to tear off a piece, when Largur said:

"Oh, don't take that. I have paper enough, not to oblige my clients to use that in the waste basket."

"This will do," said his client, and wrote

upon the sheet his street and number, muttering as he did so, "He shall tell me then, if I have to make the hand index twenty degrees." Then, turning and handing the paper to Hendon, he said aloud, "I shall expect you, Doctor."

CHAPTER VII.

AT the time stated, Dr. Hendon stood at the door of the house designated by his new acquaintance. There was nothing remarkable in the exterior of the building, it being an ordinary four-story dwelling constructed of brick with stone trimmings. He rang the bell, and the door was almost immediately opened by a man of whom, in the dim light, the Doctor was unable to get a satisfactory view. He expected to see some strange things, and was on the *qui vive*.

The servant, without speaking a word or giving the visitor a chance to make known his business, led the way through the hall into a small room in the rear directly opposite the entrance. This room, apparently intended as a waiting or ante-room, was plainly and ordinarily furnished, and lighted by one window.

One thing struck Dr. Hendon as odd, and

that was a flight of black-walnut stairs built into the room and leading to the floor above. While wondering why these stairs should have been built into this small room, so near the flight in the hall, the servant returned and motioned the Doctor to follow him, still without speaking. Dr. Hendon saw that his guide was a man about forty years of age, with sallow complexion, and a dull, abstracted look about his eyes that to the professional mind indicated liver complaint.

Dr. Hendon followed him as he led the way up the stairs just mentioned, followed him through a long hall lighted by some artificial light, the source of which was not apparent. At the end of this hall or way, the servant moved aside the heavy curtains there and, bowing in an automatic way and pointing to the room within, broke the silence for the first time by saying, in a low voice and with a somewhat unnatural manner, "Enter, and make yourself at home till my master comes."

The physician did as requested, and found himself in a large square room with a vaulted ceiling, in the centre of which was a stained and ground glass through which descended the only light the apartment received; not a vestige of

a window could be seen. The radiance which fell from this dome-like roof was mellow and white and, while it brought out with great distinctness every object in the room, did not affect the eyes unpleasantly as strong artificial light is apt to do. There was a gentle, aromatic breeze in circulation, which reminded the visitor of spicy groves on still summer afternoons.

In the middle of the room stood a large library-table covered with books, writing materials, and several strange-looking instruments, of whose purpose the Doctor was ignorant. Three or four large arm-chairs, divans and sofas were placed conveniently about. The carpet was a rich Turkish rug, woven of those warm colors which delight the soul of the Oriental.

At the right of the entrance was a book-case containing perhaps seven or eight hundred volumes. Opposite this were curtains similar to those at the entrance, and near them, on a pedestal of dark stone, was a figure which the Doctor would have taken to be of marble, had it not seemed to him absurd that a marble statue should have what appeared to be human hair and should be draped with cloth. This anomaly in statuary aroused his curiosity so much that, without glancing at the other furnishings of the

room, he went up to it for a closer inspection. He was somewhat startled when he found himself standing before what seemed a living human being. There was the dark hair falling carelessly over shoulders perfect in shape; dark eyes that to the physician held a half-surprised, half-timid look, cast down as they were with partly closed lids, as if they said, "I am not dressed for strangers;" a rather high forehead and full face; lips a trifle too thick, and with just a faint tinge of color in them. Hendon was reassured a little when he saw that no blush rose to the cheeks at his gaze, but he felt that there was a strange contradiction in the work of art, if such it was before him. The artist had made a figure so near the ideal human form that its slight imperfections were annoying.

"But," thought the Doctor, "this cannot be the work of man, and yet it is hard as stone. It *is* stone. It *must* be stone; but why so good a sculptor as the one who did this work should not have corrected these trifling errors, is more than I can understand. What a wonderfully lovely woman the model must have been!"

He continued his examination, and the more he looked the more perplexed he became; for

every moment's study of the image established the fact that it was a statue—if the work of man it was the most marvellous result of stone-cutting that had ever been obtained. "And it must be," thought he, "or it—"

But he did not complete the thought. The new idea was so startling, so thrilling, and so revolting that he forgot where he was and exclaimed aloud, "Can this strange man have done that? Can it be done?"

He moved away, and as he did so he heard a slight noise,—a clear, sweet note like that from a flute, and coming from near the curtains through which he had entered. He listened intently, but it was not repeated. In looking for the cause of this sound he observed what he at first took for a clock, as it had a round face with hands and figures, but it was unlike the usual timepiece, as it had four hands and twenty-four figures upon its dial instead of twelve. The longest hand now pointed at twenty-four, the shortest at nineteen. He consulted his watch and found that it was just seven o'clock. "Can this be a time-piece?" mentally asked the now thoroughly excited Doctor. "It must be, and he has divided the day in twenty-four parts; but what is the use of the other two

hands?" He could give no satisfactory answer to his own question, and with curiosity again baffled turned aside. Doing so, he noticed two fine specimens of the night-blooming cereus. They were not planted in flower-pots, at least in visible ones, but seemed to come up right through the carpet and floor. They appeared healthy, and the perfume which came from a half-opened bud on one of them proved that it was alive and growing. Other choice tropical plants were placed around the room, but in no instance could it be seen that their roots were embedded in earth. Dr. Hendon, seeing this, was led to think that the owner of the room had discovered the art of raising plants without earth, when he beheld, placed in a silver holder, flowers that he knew would fade and die as soon as removed from the mother stem. The only peculiarity that these plants showed was in the reddish-green color of the leaves; but this was so slight that it would not have attracted the Doctor's attention under ordinary circumstances, but now he was so alert that nothing escaped his excited senses.

In the first general glance around the room when he entered, he had noticed a fine painting nearly opposite him, representing a ruined

church or abbey. He now thought he would examine it, so turned and walked in that direction. Before him was a picture in a massive gold frame, but not the one he had expected to see. Instead, he was looking upon a representation of a young mother playing with her first baby. The youthfulness of the lady, the winning grace of the child with its little hands uplifted as it lay in a cradle fashioned like a huge sea-shell, together with the view of the ocean in the background, made a scene rivalling in beauty and artistic effect the works of the best *genre* painters. Hendon was so much attracted by it that for some minutes he forgot the other picture which he was in quest of; but at last remembering, looked round the room again. Nowhere, however, could it be found. There were oil-colors, water-colors, engravings, and crayon sketches, but among them nothing that resembled a ruined church. Had he been mistaken in his first glance? He would have decided at any other time that he had been, but now he did not try to explain anything to himself. He was no longer in a state of mind either to be surprised or to be capable of reasoning when the commonest surroundings of life took on such an unusual aspect.

Here he stood in a chamber lighted from an unseen source, filled with a delicious air that was perfumed by flowers growing without earth, adorned with statues more like nature than art, the hours told in flute-like music by a clock that he could not understand. It was a new world with new laws.

Bewildered, he concluded to place a chair in front of the painting of the mother and child, and try to collect himself by looking at one thing which was natural and belonged to the world he was acquainted with. But where was the picture? There was the massive frame, the queer little stand on one side of him, the same comfortable-looking divan on the other, but the lovely mother and the tiny infant had departed, and a solitary figure upon the canvas met his gaze.

It was Napoleon on the rocks of St. Helena, looking seawards in the direction of France. The remarkable expression of the great chieftain's face, as he stood gazing over the stormy waters to the land to him forever lost, was the strongest characteristic of the picture. It was not the hero, the conqueror, the dictator to prostrate monarchs, not the commander whose word was law, not the ambitious usurper, who

stood there deserted by all save the sea-birds circling beneath him. It was the "Eclipsed Sun," with folded arms and dejected yet wistful expression, looking and dreaming: looking back upon his greatness and dreaming of "the might have been," and seeming in hopeless misery to tell that another Waterloo had then and there been fought.

The Doctor gazed in deep admiration, but when he remembered to wonder who the artist might be, he could not, upon the closest inspection, find name or initial. Neither could he see by what means the pictures had been changed. Again he threw himself into the chair he had just vacated, and, shutting his eyes, tried to collect his thoughts. Hardly had he done so when he again heard that soft, musical note, this time repeated twice. Turning and looking at the dial, he saw that the long hand had moved to the figure 6. His watch told him that it was just a quarter past seven. Though a little surprised that only fifteen minutes had elapsed since his entrance into this remarkable room, he did not have time to wonder at it much, for, hearing a slight sound in the direction of the statue, he turned toward it expecting some new development. To some extent he

was not deceived, for the curtains near the figure had been parted and the proprietor of the establishment stood before him.

"I must beg your pardon, Doctor," said the Professor as he advanced into the room, the curtains dropping behind him as he did so, shutting from view an inner room that, in the momentary glimpse of it which the Doctor obtained, seemed so unlike the other that it was like the shifting of a scene at the theatre.

"The fact is," continued the Professor, "I did not expect you quite so early in the evening, and at the time you came I was deeply engaged in an experiment which I could not with safety leave unfinished. Are my excuses accepted?"

"Certainly," replied his guest; "but it is I who should apologize for thus early intruding upon you. I thought it later than it is. I assure you I have not found the waiting tiresome."

"Please be seated," said the Professor, for the Doctor had risen at his entrance, "and allow me to make amends for my rudeness in leaving you so long to entertain yourself."

Drawing a chair to the table and seating himself, he continued: "I have had so little intercourse with the outside world for the last ten

or twelve years that I must, at the outset, ask you, Doctor, to overlook anything in myself or my surroundings that may impress you as lacking in hospitality. You will more readily appreciate my anxiety in this matter, when I inform you that you are the only person, with but one exception, whose presence under this roof I have done myself the honor to request for that length of time. In my interview with you the other day, I discovered in you a congenial spirit, so to speak, and finding you so much interested in a subject to which I have given considerable study, I thought I would give myself the pleasure of an evening with you here at my own home, knowing that I should be the gainer in so doing."

He did not say that he had been led to do this by a desire to learn more of the Doctor's *protégé*. He had reasons, best known to himself, for keeping this motive in the background and his guest ignorant of his designs. The latter, unconscious of this, replied:

"You flatter me when you say that you would be the gainer by this acquaintance. I was fully convinced, when I left you after our last interview, that yours was the master mind, from which I could receive rich stores of information

in regard to a matter to which I have given more attention than to any other. In thinking over our conversation, I have realized that the theories I advanced must have seemed rudimentary in the extreme to you."

"Far from it! far from it!" responded the Professor. "Permit me to state that I have yet to find another man so well versed in the intricate subject of animal magnetism as yourself, and I have often wondered why a matter of such vital importance to mankind should be so little understood. Assuming as true, that one mind can control another (and this in a greater or less degree all men admit), why should we not trace this effect back to its cause, and see if it cannot be made beneficial? We know what influence the mind exerts over the body; it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that death can be readily caused by operating upon the mind alone, though the body be in even a perfect state of health; as did the king, who, to carry out a joke upon his jester, gave him to understand that he was to be beheaded, and then, instead of allowing the axe to descend upon his neck, ordered that a bucket of cold water be thrown over him. It killed the poor fellow; not the water but his imagination. So

the man who was blinded and led to believe that he was bleeding to death, really did expire with all the symptoms that would follow hemorrhage. The world is full of such proofs that the mind controls the body. I do not mention this to you, Doctor, as anything original or as an argument in favor of a theory in which we both already believe. It goes to show how prone the tongue is to speak upon a subject which is occupying the mind. Here I find myself plunging into a topic of conversation and giving you illustrations which must have come to your notice many times. My mind was led to this, in my pleasure at having with me one whose views I think coincide with my own. Pardon me and accept it as an instance in point."

"I am sorry, Professor, you should check yourself in this way ; for, while the facts you have alluded to are not unknown to me, I think, if you had allowed yourself to continue, you would have given me some new ideas."

Here Dr. Hendon, who had been watching the hand of the Professor as he idly scribbled upon a piece of paper lying on the table before him, looked up into his face and found him gazing in his own direction, but with an absent-minded expression which gave the lie to his

statement that he had been prompted, in making his remarks, by his intense interest. "What can he mean?" thought the Doctor. "Is he looking at me, or beyond me?" and then he remembered the statue and, for once, curiosity got the better of his good-breeding, as he remarked:

"I see, Professor, that you have one of the most remarkable pieces of sculpture it has ever been my fortune to behold. May I ask if you are acquainted with the artist?"

The Professor started as if suddenly awakened from a dream, and a look of annoyance passed over his countenance. Whether this was caused by the question, or by a realization that he had for a moment forgotten his place as host, the Doctor could not tell; but it passed quickly and he smiled as he replied, "I never saw the artist."

He added immediately: "Has it ever occurred to you that the art of embalming has been little studied?"

"The importance of a better understanding of how this work may the most effectually be done, is very much felt at the present time; after every battle there are more or less of the fallen embalmed and sent home from the front, but the work is so imperfectly done that it is very unsatisfactory," responded the Doctor.

“Have you ever given the subject any study?”

“No,” replied Hendon, “but I think I might be interested in it.”

“I have,” said the Professor, and the guest suddenly thought of the statue, and mentally ejaculated, “Can my surmises be true? I will probe farther,” and asked aloud:

“Would it be too much to ask you to favor me with some of your conclusions in regard to it?”

“I will do so with pleasure,” he replied. “I will not tire you with a lengthy lecture upon it, as it would take too much of our time, and I would like to have you favor me with some further account of the man or boy of whom you spoke at our last meeting, but I will give you a brief account of my experiments in the art of preserving the dead.

“Five or six years ago, I chanced to read a book in which was published an account of a remarkable catacomb, found in one of our Western States, by an exploring party sometime in the year 1734. Within this catacomb were found some pictures painted upon copper, one or two transparent and fire-proof urns with delicately shaded colors, and some other articles which I do not now remember. But what in-

terested me more than anything else was the discovery of two or three thousand mummies, so sound and solid that, apparently, if we may believe the story of the finders, they were capable of eternal duration. There was no indication of putrefaction in them, nor did they have the shrunken appearance noticeable in the Egyptian mummies, but rather looked as if turned to stone, and must have been the exact representations of the living subject. It occurred to me that if this statement was correct, the art of embalming must have been a lost art to the Egyptians, or that there once lived in this country a race of men who had a process of preserving their dead, the knowledge of which died with them. This same view will suggest itself to your mind, perhaps, when I recall the fact that Herodotus tells us the Egyptians had three ways of embalming, although, if I remember rightly, Herodotus mentions a fourth.

“The people of this country could not have been acquainted with the methods mentioned by Herodotus. They did not possess the materials for the first process, which required palm wine, myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes. The second method could not have been employed with these results, as it tended to waste the flesh and

preserved merely the skin and bones. The third is equally inadmissible, from the inability in this way to make the bodies resist the ravages of time. I concluded, on reading of this singular discovery, to make some experiments in that line myself. I reasoned that, if I could invent something that would stay putrefaction and at the same time harden the flesh, I should accomplish my purpose. Of course a variety of conditions, such as the exclusion of air, perfect dryness, a freezing temperature, were thought of, but all had their drawbacks. I knew I must have some anti-putrescent or antiseptic substance, and set to work to find the right one. My efforts in this direction were not so successful as I wished. While still experimenting, I read in one of the Dublin Hospital Reports of the case of a man who died in that institution, who had changed to bone. The record stated that, for years before his death, no pulsation could be felt in any part of the body. Here, thought I, is the secret; if I could cause ossification after death, my success was sure. I studied this carefully, but failed when I tried to put my theories into practice. I did, however, succeed so far as to complete the hardening after death, if I dosed my subjects (usually cats and dogs)

for some time beforehand. I continued studying and experimenting, gaining a little information in this attempt, a little in that, until at last the result was quite satisfactory. I succeeded in preparing a chemical bath, of such a nature that, if I immersed any body in it for a sufficient length of time, that body became petrified, and, on its removal, was so hard that it could only be broken by great effort. I had now accomplished my object, though the body, on being removed from the petrifying bath, was very dark. This difficulty I overcame by placing the body in another preparation, which gave it a glazed white appearance like marble. I had at last mastered the situation. I have articles treated in this manner that remain the same as when first taken from the bath some years ago, though subjected to all the tests I could think of to prove their indestructibility by time and decay."

Doctor Hendon looked at the statue opposite him, but said nothing.

"Now don't you think, Doctor," continued the Professor, "that such a discovery, if made use of, would be of untold value to the world! Just consider the advantage of this in an artistic direction! What a comfort it would be, to those

people who are anxious to have the portraits of their progenitors hung on their walls, to have the ancestors themselves placed on pedestals and ranged appropriately round the room !”

This bit of grim sarcasm so shocked the sensitive nature of the physician that he did not reply, feeling that he did not care to pursue the subject. He looked at the Professor and again saw that far-off, absent expression in his eyes. Just then was heard the soft, sweet note of the clock. Professor Barlow aroused himself at the sound, and again a look of annoyance passed over his face.

“You are wondering what that noise is, are you not?” he asked his guest.

“I must confess that I have some curiosity to know,” Doctor Hendon replied.

“That is my clock. I have divided the day, as you see, into twenty-four hours, each marked by a separate figure on the dial. Instead of the bell or gong telling the number of the hour, I make it strike one for the hour, two for the quarter, three for the half, and four for the three-quarter hour.”

“But you have two extra hands; why is that?”

“One is a hand that indicates the atmospheric

condition of the room. The machinery is so adjusted that the slightest change in the air is at once shown, and can be immediately corrected if necessary. I see you would inquire by what means this is accomplished, and I will tell you without waiting for the question. It is done by electricity, my best servant, the same that lights this room, that heats it in the winter, and cools it in summer, that tells me through this little instrument you see here on my table the condition of the weather outside, that takes care of my plants here, that changes the paintings in that frame which so bewildered you—that, in short, has given me more practical results from my study and experiment than anything else.”

“And the other hand of the clock that is pointing to twenty?” inquired Doctor Hendon.

“Pardon me, if I do not at this interview explain its use,” said his host.

“Rather, pardon me,” hastily replied the Doctor, “for allowing my inquisitiveness to get the better of my judgment for the second time.”

“It was but natural; it was not you who opened this matter. But will you not partake of some refreshment?”

The guest now for the first time noticed that a servant stood beside them holding a tray on

which were placed decanters of wine, fruits, glasses, and delicate china plates. The man silently placed the tray upon the table and retired. His master poured out a goblet of wine, and passed it to the guest, the whole thing being done so quickly, so noiselessly, and so suddenly that Hendon did not think to look at the face of the servant.

After a few remarks on some commonplace matter, the Professor said—

“ Doctor Hendon, did you tell me what name you had given to this boy of yours ? ”

“ We call him Starr Cross,” replied the Doctor.

“ Starr Cross ! ” exclaimed the Professor, starting from his chair ; “ did I understand you to say ‘ Starr Cross ? ’ ”

“ Certainly you did ; have you ever heard the name before ? ”

“ Perhaps it was the oddity of the name that startled me,” Professor Barlow replied, without directly answering the question. The Doctor saw, however, that something more than the mere peculiarity of a name had roused to such a pitch of excitement a man who ordinarily displayed so much coolness ; but without taking more notice of his host’s agitation, which now

seemed in a measure controlled, he began to relate the circumstances under which the boy came into his care, and the reasons why so strange a name had been given him. While telling this, Doctor Hendon saw plainly that the man opposite him was deeply moved, though he endeavored to appear as if he were only courteously interested in the story.

When the story was finished, Professor Barlow asked, "Did the mother of this child make such an impression on your mind that you would be able to give a description of her looks and dress?"

"No woman ever stamped her image so indelibly on my mind in so short a time as she did," Doctor Hendon answered; then went on to describe her, adding in conclusion, "The circumstances connected with the birth of the child, the novelty of the situation, and the many peculiar statements of the sick woman, all led me to fix carefully in my memory not only her almost incoherent sayings but every lineament of her face."

"Does that resemble the lady?" the Professor asked, motioning with his hand toward that side of the room where the Doctor had entered.

Hendon turned to look in the direction indicated, and started from his chair with the exclamation, "Her very image! What is the meaning of this?"

Well might he ask the question, for there on the wall before him was the portrait of the woman who had died fourteen years before in the club-house. The staring yet dreaming eyes, the light brown hair, the delicate, clear-cut features, all were hers; the painting withal so finely executed that it seemed the living, breathing subject which it represented. There could be no mistake: no two women ever existed so alike as this painted one and the young mother he so well remembered. He was so startled at the resemblance that, not until he had stared at the painted face for at least a minute, did he remember that in his scrutiny of the apartment, before the arrival of his host, he had not seen this picture. He knew that, had he seen it, it would have absorbed his attention to the exclusion of everything else; but he had noticed with some surprise that that side of the room was very bare of ornament compared with the others. Now the strange eyes of Starr's mother looked down from the wall directly at Professor Barlow as he sat at the table. Doctor Hendon glanced

for a moment at the other side of the entrance, half expecting to see some change there, but nothing met his gaze but the blank wall.

Well might he ask for the key to this mystery ! Well might he wonder how his singular acquaintance happened to possess this woman's picture ! "Did he know her? Am I awake?" were the questions that passed swiftly through his mind ; then his thoughts went back to that stormy night in the club-house and the half incoherent talk of the dying woman. Had he found a second confirmation of her statements? Twelve years before, the child himself had given him the first intimation that perhaps she was not so wild in her talk as he had imagined ; now, after all these years, was there another link to be forged in the chain of evidence to prove that all she said was true? *Could* it be true? There were few of her statements that needed corroboration now. He must be upon his guard ; if all was true (and in the light that was now dawning upon him he could scarcely doubt that), the man before him was a dangerous person—a man void of feeling who would not hesitate to sacrifice any life for his purposes.

These thoughts, which passed rapidly through the Doctor's mind, were interrupted by the

Professor, who said in a now perfectly calm voice—

“You think I should explain this?”

Doctor Hendon turned and looked at the speaker, and saw that his eyes had undergone a marked change. Their color was much darker, and there was a slight, twitching motion in the pupils, which he had noticed once before at their first meeting when he had spoken of Starr’s peculiarities.

“I am surprised, not to say startled,” he replied to the Professor’s question, “not so much by the sudden appearance of this picture as by the fact that you possess so accurate a likeness of this woman, whom above all others of her sex I am interested in.”

“Please be seated,” said the Professor, “and I will explain; but first I place you upon your honor to hold what I shall relate as in the strictest confidence.”

The Doctor bowed, and his friend continued. “First, then, let me tell you that I know very little of my parents; my mother died at my birth, and my father followed her a few years after. When I was old enough to understand it, my guardian informed me that my father was a strange man, delighting in metaphysics

and the study of mankind, and that he labored under a delusion that, inasmuch as every person is susceptible of being more or less influenced by his surroundings, it followed that mind acted upon mind, and that therefore one person could control another without visible agencies."

"This you and I would scarcely call a delusion; but the good man who had charge of my education considered it so, and told me that his purpose of informing me of my father's monomania was to draw my mind away from such subjects, as he noticed I showed some interest in them. He never guessed how much time and attention I had given to the very matter which had absorbed my father's thoughts. I continued my studies and experiments, but was more careful than before that he should not suspect them. I had inherited a large fortune; and as money was never refused me when I asked for it, I had little knowledge either of its value, or of the expense of living. It was, perhaps, well that I made so few acquaintances and cared so little for the ordinary occupations and amusements of young men of my age and position. Years ago, while stopping in Paris, I had occasion one evening to go out to make a few purchases and, being detained for some reason, thought I would

return to my hotel by a short cut which I had discovered in one of my rambles. I somehow made a mistake and lost my way. I might have inquired the direction of the street I wanted, but chose rather to find it unaided. While going through a short dreary street, I stepped into a small shop to get a light, for I was out of matches and wanted to smoke. I was surprised, on entering, to find only a little girl, four or five years old, in attendance. She was a remarkable child, sensitive and nervous, and strikingly handsome. I had long before discovered the secret of animal magnetism, and now I saw before me a subject that I had no doubt would be far superior, for my experiments, to any I had before found. I was interested, and at once determined to have this child, by fair means if possible; if not, then—well, I would have her any way, for I had never set my heart on obtaining anything so strongly as I did on this object.

“My purpose was not so difficult of accomplishment as I feared. The child was cared for by its grandmother, an old hag, who was easily worked upon, for she had no love for the child, and was so poor that the money I offered seemed a fortune. I took the girl with me; and, walking

to the next street and hailing a *fiacre*, told the driver to take us to the hotel. It then occurred to me that the care of so young a child might be somewhat of a burden. I had thought of nothing, before, but to get control of this little girl, who would be such an excellent subject on which to try certain experiments, the result of which I was anxious to see. A nurse was easily obtained, however; but I kept the child much in my own company; and, from the time I took little Adèle Le Croix from her grandmother's store to the day she died, she had no thought or purpose that did not come through me.

"I remained in Paris only a short time, but brought Adèle and her nurse to this country, and soon after settled down in the old home-stead. As the years went by, Adèle became completely absorbed into and a part of my own life. I could read her every thought and we could converse together without any audible language. I could will her to come to me from any distance and at any time. She took no notice of anything save as I wished it. She saw but few people, and was constantly at my side. The great theory that I demonstrated in her was, that one could live without any individuality, existing wholly as part of a stronger

mind. Adèle grew into the beautiful woman you have seen. While I had proved my theory to be correct, I was not satisfied. I had been wondering for some time what would be the effect of her strange life upon her offspring, if she should ever become a mother. I think, Doctor, it has been conceded by the medical fraternity, ever since the days of Hippocrates, that the surroundings of life and other causes affecting the mind of the parent show themselves in the character of the child; the more I saw my power over Adèle the more anxious I was to see what other results might follow. When, therefore, she was eighteen years old I married her. I did not ask her consent, for that was unnecessary. I called her to me one evening, after thinking the matter over, bade her put on hat and cloak, took a hack, drove to the office of the city clerk, obtained a certificate, and was married. You may wonder why I took the trouble to have our marriage solemnized: it was for the sake of my children, if I should ever have any; I confess I was actuated by no other motive. For some time after our marriage things continued in the same old way, nothing that I did ever seeming to surprise Adèle; and I patiently waited until at last the time came

when I knew that my child was coming to prove or disprove my second theory. At that time I lived near Second Avenue, but had shortly before purchased this building and commenced fitting it up to my liking. I often spent whole days and nights here, and, when I did so, would will Adèle to me. As the anxiously wished for day drew near, I was more careful to have her with me all the time. I was trying an experiment here one day, and was somewhat careless with my chemicals, as I was in a hurry to return to Adèle. There was an explosion, and I was struck senseless to the floor. The scar on my right temple was caused by my striking against the retort as I fell. I did not come to myself for some time; I felt that I was severely hurt, but by a strong effort I regained my faculties long enough to call Adèle. This was about eight o'clock in the evening. I felt that she was coming; again, I knew she was in some trouble. I could not seem to get hold of her mind; I had experienced the same difficulty in trying to control her mind while she was asleep, but could always waken her. This troubled me much, and no doubt hastened the congestion of the brain which followed. I did not know anything for three weeks afterwards. When

my senses returned to me, Adèle had vanished. I could not explain it. I had only one man here at the time, whom I had placed under my will, and who knew and cared nothing about my outside life. Just as soon as I was able, I sent word to my other house and received in return the tidings that Adèle had left there to come to me some three weeks before, and the woman who took care of the house supposed that she was with me. I was too ill to do much, but I roused all my energies, and ordered my servant to go to the police headquarters and bring back an officer with him. Before his return the exercise I had taken brought on a relapse, and I was again unconscious for nearly a month. When I recovered sufficiently to be out, I took up the search myself, for I did not care to ask the help of others. I knew she must be dead. I looked in all the city papers published at the time, but found nothing there that helped me."

"Did you look in the advertisement column?" interrupted the Doctor.

"No, it did not occur to me at the time," the Professor replied. "I soon gave up the search and took up my residence here, having dismissed all but two of my servants, and afterwards sold the other house. Now you must admit, Doctor,

that I was justified in being interested in your story—more so perhaps than you will ever understand. You told me that the child had a birthmark of a cross; may I ask if it was on the left breast?"

"It was," replied the Doctor.

"Good! and now one more question; did this lady wear a ring on her first finger set with pearls and diamonds?"

"She did."

The Professor was silent for a moment, and then said quietly, "It was Adèle, and Starr Cross is my son."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the few months that had elapsed since Dr. Hendon's visit to Professor Barlow, a great change had taken place in his life. Young Starr had gone to his father, gone to him willingly, for in the few visits he had made to the Professor before finally taking up his abode with him, he had discovered in his father a congenial spirit; and, more than this, the Doctor had seen a strong attachment growing up between them. This in itself was remarkable, for neither of them had ever before shown any love for their fellow-men,—at least, so far as the Doctor knew. In the three interviews with the father, which he had obtained (the Professor having returned his call), he had seen in him a man void of any feelings except those prompted by self-interest. While he had never had cause to complain of Starr's demeanor toward himself, it being uniformly respectful and deferential, yet

he had never detected anything that showed the presence of warmer feelings than those of a pupil for an honored teacher.

In spite of Starr's coldness the Doctor felt his loss very much. From the time he had first particularly noticed the strong mind of the two-year-old boy at the memorable visit to Mrs. Holt, until the departure of the young man from his home, Hendon had not only been very much interested but strongly attached to his ward. When most of those who knew the circumstances of the child's birth and adoption had either dropped from the list of Dr. Hendon's associates, or had forgotten the event, and Starr had become a member of his own family, he resolved to let the mystery surrounding Starr's parentage remain a mystery if it would. The boy himself showed little curiosity about his mother, and knew nothing of the facts of his birth until his advent into the life of Professor Barlow. As to the rest of the world—that had found the physician so reluctant to converse about his relations with his ward that it soon learned to consider the subject one on which the Doctor could not, or would not throw any light.

When he first met Professor Barlow at Largur's office, it did not occur to him that his new

acquaintance had any other motive than curiosity in his inquiries about Starr. It was at Professor Barlow's own house that he first became aware of the designs upon his ward. He had not intended to be so frank that day; he could not see now why he had so freely told all he knew about the youth.

Dr. Hendon one day set himself down in a comfortable arm-chair to quietly think over the whole matter. He remembered his first impressions of the Professor at the attorney's office. He recalled to mind the request that he should visit this man at his own house; how particular the Professor was that he should call upon a certain evening; and how carefully the street and number were written upon a piece of paper that the Professor fished out from the wastebasket. He had that paper now; he would look at it and refresh his memory with regard to the location of the house. He took the paper from his memorandum book, where he had placed it after consulting it on the evening of the visit to Professor Barlow.

He now looked over the paper, but there was no direction written upon it; he turned it over, —nothing on the other side. It was the same paper, for there in the corner was the curious

figure made by some ignorant man, the Doctor supposed, who, in trying to make his mark in the form of a cross, had dropped some ink above it, so that the whole resembled the rough drawing of a star and a cross. This had attracted the Doctor's notice at the time, because Starr, in the short notes he sometimes had occasion to write to his guardian, had adopted the plan of making a star and cross as his signature instead of writing his name.

Dr. Hendon again turned over the paper: there was nothing visible, not even the impressions seen on paper after erasing the marks made by lead or ink. He held it to the light; it still appeared the same. He took his memorandum-book in his hands and carefully examined every part of it, not with the expectation of finding another and the right paper, for he was satisfied that the one he first took out was that of which he was in search, but rather in that aimless way that one is apt to follow when surprised at not finding just what was anticipated, yet conscious of having discovered the very thing sought for.

Again was a proof brought to his mind that the poor woman who died fourteen years before did not recall mere visions, and he trembled as he realized that but one more link must be

forged to complete the chain, and that every blow struck on that last link would sound a knell over him.

He went to a secretary at the other end of the room and, sitting down before it, took from his watch-chain a key with which he unlocked a drawer in the upper part of the desk. He smiled as he took a paper from its secret hiding-place, and remembered how carelessly he threw it down there the morning after it was written, and how little he thought of the confession therein made until after his visit to Starr when the latter was two years old. As the memory of that day rose in his mind, it seemed to him that this was the first visit he had ever made to his young charge, yet he knew he must have called there often before. It was then that he first attached some importance to this paper.

He now read it again, not because he was unaware of its contents, for he had read it twice before, once after his discovery of Starr's remarkable powers, when he saw in the child's acts a curious confirmation of the statements made therein; the second time after his return from Professor Barlow's house, when he began to consider it somewhat in the light of a proph-

ecy; but now, for the third time, he read it with a feeling almost of horror.

He came at last to these words—

“Do it for my sake, for the sake of my little babe. My Starr will not show you the gratitude he should for your act of kindness. Do not let him take the child from you, for if you should, it is lost; no one goes to my Starr’s house; if any one should, it would only be once.”

Then followed as if in answer to a question—

“No; they might come out, but never could they find the place again.” The Doctor here remembered how true was this; he could not find the place a second time.

The physician placed his head upon his hands learning his arm on the desk, and passed into a revery.

“How strange,” he thought, “this whole affair has been! How sure I was that this part of her story was not true, when I took the paper from his hand and saw the street and number so plainly written upon it! There it was in black and white, but now,” and he glanced at the scrap in his hand, “it has vanished. He must have used some ink that would fade after a time; in any other man I should call this mere eccentric-

ity, but in him I see a design. I now understand why he was so anxious that I should call that evening or the next. I do not remember the house; I could not go there to-day if it were to save my life, and I have prided myself on my ability to recollect locations and surroundings. Has this man the power to make me forget these things? Has he shown me in this that I am but a novice compared with him in the science of which I thought myself a master? What a mind he has! Could he have exercised over this woman, the mother of his child, the power he claims? I cannot doubt it," glancing again at the paper on the desk. "Poor woman, she never lived, she only existed, and was not even aware of her own separate existence. But it looks as though a power over her, superior even to his, controlled the last few hours of her life, or why did she come to us in such a manner, and why did she persist in telling us all she did? Can one person control another as he did her? It cannot be disputed. It is a dangerous knowledge to hold, and it is better for humanity that such a power should not be understood. I am half inclined to say, after what I have seen, that I will drop the subject and never make any further study or investigation in this direction.

How strange would be the Alpha and Omega of my studies! I was attracted to and became interested in the topic of mesmerism because my room-mate was a somnambulist, and was living two lives in one body; if I close the book here, I end it, knowing that one life may be lived in two bodies, for Starr's mother never lived except as a part of her husband. The curtain rises and I see but one person, but that one has two lives; the curtain falls upon the stranger spectacle of two living, moving bodies with but one mind between them."

"I cannot allow Starr to remain with this man, demon as he appears. But what can I do? John Barlow is his father, and no doubt can substantiate his claim. Again, I should meet with objections from Starr himself. He is now more than fourteen years old, and has a right to choose which of us shall be his guardian, but, more than all else, I have a dread of crossing arms with this man. Starr has asked me for his mother's ring. Shall I give it to him? I have a strange reluctance to do so, yet suppose I must. If I lose that, I feel my power is all gone, and I must —" Here he stopped, raised his head, and picking up the paper lying before him looked it over carefully. "I must try and

regain the control of this youth, in view of this declaration, in view of the many statements herein contained that have already been proved true, together with the knowledge of what I have myself beheld, if not for Starr's sake, if not for God's sake, then, for the sake of every living mortal, I must get my boy away from the influence of that man. In so doing I know that I am risking my life. I am persuaded, however, that if I accomplish my purpose, even at such a sacrifice, I have done more in that one act for humanity than in all the study and research that have occupied my days.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the evening following the visit of Dr. Hendon, Professor Barlow was sitting at the table in the same room, his head resting on his two hands, his elbows upon the table, and his eyes fixed upon the portrait of the lady whom he had called his wife. Evidently his thoughts were of a profound nature, whether agreeable or otherwise.

“I will try it!” he exclaimed at last, removing his gaze from the picture. “I see no reason why it may not be done; and this Hendon will be in the way after the boy comes here. I must first, however, get possession of the statement that Adèle made, and the ring; perhaps he will surrender the ring with the boy; if not—well, it is important that I recover that before he goes. He little dreams that his life or death depends upon what Adèle said before she died. By the way, I must find out where the other physician

is; Dr. Hendon said they two were the only ones present when she made the disclosures. I could not get complete control of his mind. Had I been able to do that, I should have settled upon my course of action before. Let me consider." And Professor Barlow let his head drop back against the chair in which he was sitting. He raised it after a short interval, and looked earnestly toward the entrance of the room, as if he expected some one to appear there. If so, he was not disappointed, for soon there came into the apartment, with swift, noiseless, and mechanical movement, a straight, slim man, who could not have weighed over eighty pounds, if one could be persuaded that such a peculiar-looking personage was made of the same sort of clay as ordinary human beings. His face bore the appearance of premature old age, coupled with the look found in those people who never go into the light and air, and was, moreover, perfectly expressionless. There was a certain twitching of the muscles of the face that would give one the impression that the man was suffering the most acute pain; his hands and head, too, shook as with palsy. He advanced to within a few feet of his master, and looked toward him, yet said nothing. The Pro-

fessor looked at him, and instantly there was a change; the muscles quieted, the head and hands were calm, and the eyes took on that blank aspect which is so noticeable in sleep-walkers.

Professor Barlow then said, "Well, why don't you speak, Zeno?"

The man replied slowly and as a talking-machine might do, "It—is—new—to—me—"

"Perhaps I can assist you; where are you now?"

"In—the—street—near—a—large—brick—house—with—a—gas-light—hanging—over—the—door."

"That is not the right place; you are on Broadway now?"

"Yes," replied the man.

"Then follow me." The Professor remained silent for a few moments, and then added, "This is the house, go in,"—then after a pause said, "Do you see any one?"

"I—do—not."

"Well, look all over the house, and when you find the man whom you saw here last night, let me know."

Again there was silence in the room; the man who had been called Zeno remained stationary,

no motion whatever of his body being perceptible. His eyes were slightly elevated and fixed, his arms hung limp at his side, and so he stood throughout the whole interview, his only movements those necessary in speaking. When he spoke, he did so without emphasis, modulation, or inflection, and it would be impossible, from any perceptible accent in his words, to determine his nationality. After a time he said

“I—have—found—him.”

“What is he doing?” Professor Barlow’s voice sounded sharp and quick in contrast with Zeno’s deep, slow utterances.

“He—is—reading —”

“What?”

“A—book.”

“What is there in the room?”

“There—is—a —centre-table—at—which—he —is—sitting—there—are—chairs—a—book-case —a—desk—four —”

“Stop there, Zeno. Is the desk open?”

“No —”

“You will look into it, and tell me what you see.”

“I—see—many—things—there—is—a—large —ink-stand—and —”

“No,” interrupted the Professor, “I do not

care about that; I want to know about the papers; look into the drawers, if there are any."

"There—are—many."

"Are there any locked?"

"Two."

"Very good. Now, look into those and tell me what you see."

"They—are—both—filled—with—papers."

"Well, read them to me."

"It—will — take — me — many—hours—to—read—them—all."

"That might be true," replied the Professor, but as if he were speaking to himself, and Zeno made no response. "Zeno," continued his master, "when I get through with you, I wish you to retire to your chamber, go back to this room where you are now, read all those papers carefully that you now see, and if you find one which describes a woman dying in 1850, or which gives an account of a birth, or any statement that appears to have been made by a sick person, I want you to note just where the paper is placed, a description of the paper, and word for word just what it contains. You will write this all down, and bring it to me. If you do not find anything in this desk that tallies with what I have called for, you will search further;

if necessary, in every part of the house. After you have done my bidding you will report to me, for I wish you to undertake an entirely new kind of work. Do you understand all the instructions I have given you?"

"Yes."

"Is the man still reading?"

"No, —he—has—laid—his—book—on—the—table—and—is—looking—towards—the—light."

"What is he thinking about?"

Zeno remained silent for several minutes, and then said in a still more hesitating way, "I—can't—tell."

"Humph! I don't see why this cannot be carried to the extent of getting at people's thoughts. It must come to that. I will try him again."

"Zeno, can't you in some way attract his attention to the desk? Now, try very hard."

Once more there was silence for a time, broken by Zeno's saying: "He—is—thinking—of—you—I—can't—make—him—look—towards—the—desk."

"Good!" exclaimed the professor, "I may be able yet to get at Hendon's thoughts. I never before had occasion to test Zeno's powers in this direction. I think with two or three trials

I shall be able to obtain through him what I wish. Zeno, I want —”

“He—is—moving—towards—the—desk,” interrupted Zeno.

“Is he? Tell me what he does.”

“He—takes—up—the—ink-stand—he—has—dropped—it—and—the—ink—is—spilled—he—says—dam—it—(“very proper under the circumstances”)—he—is—trying—to—stop—the—ink—from—running—over—the—carpet—he—is—”

“Well, never mind about all that. I want to explain what I wish you to do after you have found the papers that you are to look for. I want you to go back to this man, and stay with him all the time, excepting when he sleeps. You are to watch every movement he makes, take down every act of his, make a copy of everything he writes, and everything he reads that is not printed, make a list of the books and papers he reads, and the names of all the persons, so far as you are able, with whom he holds any conversation. This you are to do every day, and bring the result to me until further orders. Do you comprehend?”

“I—do.”

“What is the Doctor doing now?”

“He—is—reading—a—letter.”

“Read it to me.”

Without another word Zeno read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS OF SURGERY,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 14, 1864.

“DEAR DOCTOR.”

“Would you not be willing to see Largur, and ascertain from him why he has not answered my last two letters? It is important that I should hear from him soon, or I shall be obliged to return home and that, under present circumstances, I do not wish to do, as the outlook is now that we are soon to have hard fighting.

“I ask this favor of you, as I know you are more likely to see Largur than any other of my friends, he acting as your counsel as well as mine.

“Yours very ——”

“Well, what name is signed to it?”

“I—can—see—only—George,—his—thumb covers—the—remainder—of—the—name.”

“Well, wait till he removes his thumb, then. I don’t suppose it is important, yet it may be well to know.”

“Keen.”

“What? George Keen! Why, that is the man who was with Hendon the night that the boy, Starr, was born. I must look into this matter further;” and glancing at Zeno he said, “Is

there anything else written on the letter that you have not read?"

"I—do—not—see—any—more—writing."

"That is too bad. I must get his address. Ah! I have it. He speaks of Largur not answering his letters. I can get all the information I wish from him; and then—and then—well, if it is necessary I will go down and see this other physician myself. He must not return. It is expected that men should be killed in battle; why should he be exempt?" The Professor's chin fell upon his breast and, apparently unconscious of Zeno's presence, he remained buried in thought for some time. Rousing himself, he said to the man standing before him

"You may now go to your room and attend to the work I have laid out for you."

Without replying, Zeno glided from the room as noiselessly as he had entered. His master, left alone, drew a large easy-chair near to the table, and composed himself as if to sleep. After a short time, he reached his hand to the table and touched a small knob. Soon the stillness was, not broken, not disturbed, but only made alive and more soothing, by a soft, dreamy sound resembling somewhat the notes of an

Æolian harp, though more distinct and with a greater variety of chords. A second knob was touched, the light grew gradually dimmer, till the room was full of shadows; leaning back among the soft cushions, Professor Barlow slept.

CHAPTER X.

IT was but a few days after Dr. Hendon's resolve to save Starr from what he considered a dangerous position, that this young man might have been seen, had it been possible for any one to penetrate into his present mysterious home, reading a letter which he had just received from his old guardian. Although living in the same city, the latter was forced to address his young friend through the mail. He could not even place upon the envelope the name of the street; had he known or rather remembered that, he would have made strenuous efforts to obtain a personal interview. He had written upon the outside of the letter, simply, the words, "Starr Cross, City," and dropped it into a letter-box with but slight hope that it would ever reach the party to whom it was addressed.

The letter was handed to Starr by his father unopened, but with the remark—

“Here is a letter for you from the Doctor.”

Starr noticed that, while there was a stamp on the envelope, it had not been cancelled, nor could he see any marks upon the missive showing that it had ever been in the post-office. He did not make any inquiries, or show any surprise, either at the receipt of the letter, its contents, or his father's remark that it came from the Doctor. He asked no questions, as his father had anticipated.

The note called Starr's attention to the interest the writer had always taken in him, hinted very delicately at the amount of trouble and expense incurred on his account, upbraided him somewhat for his lack of appreciation as shown in his neglect for the last month or two to visit his old friend, and ended with a request that he would come and see the Doctor or, if unable to do so, would send his address, that the latter might visit him.

The young man, after reading this epistle for the second time, as though he did not get the full import of it on the first perusal, placed it on a table near him, and then seemed in deep thought. His meditations were soon interrupted by the return of his father, who said abruptly

"Dr. Hendon thinks you should visit him."

"Yes, he has so stated; but I think I see, underlying this request, some other motive for his writing to me."

"Does he want you to return to him because he thinks my influence will injure you?"

"On reading the letter for the second time, I felt sure that he had some such idea."

"And do you wish to return to him, my son?"

"No, father, ten thousand times, no!" Starr replied. "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life as during the short time I have spent with you. While I was with Dr. Hendon, he gave me what help he could, and allowed me to prosecute what studies I wished; *that* I fully appreciate. I found, however, at last, that I had reached a point where even he, who takes so much interest, and is so well versed in my favorite subjects, could no longer be of any assistance to me. Since I came to your house—"

"And *your* house," interrupted the Professor.

"Yes," continued Starr, "my house or, perhaps better, *our* house,—I have found at my disposal everything I ever wanted and much that I never thought of; but above all, I have in you such a teacher as I have long desired."

“And I find in you,” replied his father, “a pupil after my own heart. We will continue our work together, we will share the glorious satisfaction of showing to poor deluded mankind what is the real principle of life.”

“If we succeed in our undertaking, the result itself will be a sufficient reward to me; I care not what the outside world may think or say.”

Here were two men who, beyond a doubt, were now working together, and would continue to do so, without jealousy, without fear, without expectation of reward, other than the satisfaction arising from an object accomplished. They brought to the work,—the one, a lifetime, almost, of study and investigation; the other, an inherited love for the task they had undertaken, and besides this they were possessed of such wealth that, in spite of the costliness of some of their experiments, the income from year to year had not been used. Could there be any reason why they should not succeed? In time the purpose for which they labor will be achieved; but again we shall meet the questions:

Is mankind benefited by the result? If one can disclose a secret of nature, which disclosure

will only perpetuate misery, is he justified in making known his discovery to the world?

Can man be created without woman?

Is there a certain part or principle of man's nature that lives after the death of the body?

If so, did it live before?

CHAPTER XI.

THE reveillé sounded on the morning of June 4th, 1864, in the swamps of Chickahominy. There had been an obstinate and bloody battle, and the Army of the Potomac looked out now upon a field crimson with the blood of their fallen comrades.

With what a thrill of horror do we, even at this late day, recall the name of Cold Harbor! Who can recompense North and South for the agony caused by the forty or more days of Grant's march from the Rapidan to Petersburg? Who dares call the roll of widows and orphans made in those few days? Did the smile ever return to the face of the mother whose son fell on those fields of carnage? She learned to smile again, it is true, but her smile was ever afterwards sad and suggestive of tears when she was alone. Was the father consoled for the loss of that son, his second self, the growing and

expanding of whom, he expected to live his life over in watching? And the little maiden,—she has grown older since then. She may have married and now have a son as old as was her lover when he kissed her good-bye for the last time. She may have waited—waited sad and lonely—waited when hope was dead—waited until her sorrow brought her to a premature grave. She may be living, but without the home and the children that should have been hers. But whatever her lot may have been, if she is living now, she will tell you that she would make any sacrifice rather than pass through another such terrible experience.

But *why* did all this trouble come upon our people? Were those lives sacrificed that many more might be saved? We have been taught to answer Yes, but we soon learn to say No. We have no right to boast of a high state of civilization until we can settle our grievances without bloodshed. Did it ever strike the reader how absurd it is that, when two men get into a quarrel about a matter so trivial that even boys would be ashamed to be found disputing over it, these potentates should at once call to arms innocent men, who know nothing about the real cause of the trouble (and care less), and p.

them against each other, let them slash and kill, until one side or the other gives out? That power which gains the victory makes the law, makes a rule of action, whose only recommendation is, that it is the will of the stronger party.

What a strange thing it is that nations do not come together, and adopt a system of international law, with an established organization for putting that law in force! This would not be necessary, were the best men always placed in power; but, unhappily, such is not the case. The American civil war would never have occurred, had our high officers been in heart, as they were in voice, the servants of the people from whom they received their positions. Had our high dignitaries known that the little spark of dissatisfaction which they were constantly fanning into flame, would result in the loss of their own lives, would they then have gone back to their constituents, and said that war was inevitable? Would the leaders of the two factions have continued their accusations and recriminations against each other, had they realized that a settlement could only be made by the sacrifice of their families and their homes? When men take high positions their responsibilities are

equally exalted, and their conduct must be and will be carefully scrutinized.

Had the political representatives of North and South tried one half as hard to conciliate and to understand each other, as they did to antagonize and overreach, the drum would never have sounded the reveillé that summer morning in the swamps of Chickahominy, and the Army of the Potomac would not have had an existence. Will posterity believe that the misunderstanding which culminated in the war of 1861, was more ably disposed of by the baptism in fire and blood of thousands of men, who from force of circumstances could not comprehend the true inwardness of the causes that precipitated that war? War cannot be considered as an intellectual science; it too soon resolves itself into a question of mere brute strength; and yet we are apt to say of the side that wins, "God breathed upon its victorious banners and proved it in the right." Who is there in this age of reason that will say that God takes sides in the quarrels of His children? Does the pensioning of widows and mothers of the soldiers who failed to respond to the call of the drum that morning in June, compensate them for the loss of husbands and sons? The men who last looked

upon the light of day in those terrible swamps, were sacrificed upon an altar built of gigantic mistakes. Those soldiers of the Army of the Potomac who never returned or only came home to die, gave up their lives for no other reason than that certain other men could not agree.

There are times when the taking of life is justifiable; yea, when it is a duty. But who will say that, because the son or husband deserves death, we have a right to kill the mother or wife? Yet this is war.

If we have got either to see those whom we love murdered, or to kill the would-be murderer, our duty is plain. If those we have sworn to protect must die, if another does not, there is justification for taking the life of that other. If those who are bound to us by family ties make themselves amenable to the law, are we not expected to shield them as far as is in our power? The law itself recognizes this right. Shall we not protect our honor and the honor of those who are part of us? Is not our honor as dear to us as our life? If that honor or a life must be yielded up, is there any doubt what a brave, noble-minded man or woman will do? There are men who die and the world is benefited by

their death. There are men living to-day who owe their lives to the deaths of others.

If two men are on a raft in mid-ocean, and the raft is incapable of holding them both, it is not murder for one to push the other into the water to drown. If, by the death of one person, another can be saved, how much better than that both should be lost!

Professor Barlow reasoned in this manner when he said that Dr. Keen must die. Whether he contemplated taking the life of the man who, he believed, possessed a fatal knowledge will never be known, for as we view his life from different stand-points, so we shall arrive at widely varying conclusions in regard to it. Certain it is that Dr. Keen was found dead on the morning of June 4th, 1864; but there was nothing to indicate the cause of his demise, not a mark or a bruise was found upon his person. He was seen attending to his duties as surgeon when he fell; no one was near him at the time, save the patient he was examining. He fell, not in the rush and roar of battle, but in the quiet that follows the fight, when the stillness is so intense that any sound that breaks it is a relief; yet no noise was heard.

Dr. Keen was dead; and were it not for the

remark of the Professor, no connection would be suggested between his decease and the life of the strange, silent, but wonder-working chemist.

By this death, but one person was left—Dr. Hendon—who knew anything about the statement made by the dying woman in the clubhouse.

CHAPTER XII.

A GAIN we are within the house of Professor Barlow. We find him sitting in a reclining chair in a small circular room not over fifteen feet in diameter. Both in shape and height it might forcibly remind one of a tent, the more so, as, at a height of ten or twelve feet from the floor, the sides begin to gather in until they meet in a point some twenty-five feet above the centre of the floor. Here, however, the resemblance to a tent ceases. The walls, or rather the wall, is fancifully draped with silk brocade of a dark amber color; while there is no sign of a window the apartment is filled with the same mellow light which the Doctor observed on the evening of his call. That soft, restful glow fills the place, yet its source is indiscernible, and nowhere is a shadow cast on floor or wall or pointed ceiling. As we look again at the latter we see that it is a very light blue in color, and

just discernible all over the surface are numberless tiny points or pin-hole-like stars, but we are left in doubt as to whether these are ornaments, or form the source of that mysterious light. The only apparent means of egress is an opening in the wall in the rear of the Professor's chair, and this is almost concealed by heavy maroon curtains. On the floor is a velvet carpet, combining the two colors of maroon and amber. There are several ottomans placed around the room, against one of which leans a large Turkish pipe, near where the Professor sits and smokes in the only chair the place contains. On his right is a tank that at the first glance we might take to be a table, from its shape and location in the centre of the room. On further inspection, however, we find it to be a reservoir, filled with a violet-colored liquid, whose surface is constantly agitated by the rapid accumulation of bubbles, which break with a hissing noise like that made by escaping steam. As we gaze, the Professor takes up a hook which has been lying against the tank, and with it removes from the bath a snake-like ribbon about four feet long and perhaps two inches wide. This ribbon or strap appears to be composed in part or whole of different kinds of metals, ar-

ranged without regard to pattern, and in pieces which vary much in size and shape, yet are of uniform thickness. The colors of these pieces differ as much as their shape, scarcely two being of the same hue, yet all have a peculiar metallic lustre. The whole seems light, as it almost floats upon the air from the Professor's hand, as he takes from his pocket four little balls of a dark-bluish color, and places them at equal distances upon the strap. He now moves to another part of the room, fastens the strap around a large piece of iron weighing perhaps fifty pounds, and lifts the whole from the carpet. It is surprising to see how easily he handles that heavy mass; he holds it in one hand as carelessly as an ordinary man might carry a one-pound weight. He cannot be practising with it, for he almost immediately puts the iron back in its place on the floor, removes the strap, and tries the same process with another iron, perhaps half as heavy as the first. Taking hold of the ring inserted in the top, he lifts the weight from the floor as if it were a feather; he tosses it up and it is affected by the slight currents of air as a soap-bubble might be, he lets it drop and it falls slowly and strikes the floor noiselessly. The faintest possible trace of a smile of triumph

plays around the magician's cynical mouth, as he removes the encircling ribbon from the iron, takes the little balls from their places, and casts the strap again into the liquid which begins anew its erratic bubbling. He crosses to that part of the room opposite the entrance, and moving aside the drapery discloses to view eight tubes, placed side by side, from which arises a net-work of wires, some ten or twelve centering in a tube. Each tube is numbered and fitted with a valve and shut-off. He carefully examines a small indicator, looking somewhat like a thermometer, that is attached to the cylinder numbered one, turns slightly a thumb-screw, steps back, letting the draperies fall back into their accustomed folds, and then resumes his chair and his smoking. Deep thought is inscribed on every feature. After some moments he takes pencil and paper from his pocket and commences ciphering; time passes, still he works on; he fills one side of the sheet with figures and hieroglyphics, then he turns it and works upon the other side, now and then pausing for a time as if some point in his calculation puzzled him, or failed to realize his expectations. For nearly an hour he thus occupies himself, then he replaces the paper in his pocket, and

arising, takes the strap again from the bath. He places the four blue balls upon it as before, then lays it upon a chair and leaves the room; soon he returns, bringing in his hands two more balls, in shape and color not unlike the first, save that they are somewhat larger, and show a slightly reddish tint, intermixed with the dark blue. He puts these on the straps, one at each end, and again places the ribbon of metal around the fifty-pound piece of iron; this time he raises it from the floor as easily as he before took up the smaller weight, he tosses it in the air, and it falls slowly and lightly to the carpet. He retires from the room for a moment and, returning, sets upon the floor, a pair of jeweller's scales; upon these he places the iron with the strap still around it; adjusting the balance, it is seen to indicate a weight of less than one grain. He removes the strap, and the iron falls to the floor with a crash, breaking the delicate scales in its descent. "I have succeeded," the Professor says, aloud. "It has been a long, tedious strife, but in electricity I hold the key which will unlock every secret that nature has so long kept hidden. It will be a very short time, now that I have overcome this difficulty, before I shall achieve the one great purpose of my life,

I knew in the beginning that I should succeed in to-day's trial; but it should have been done weeks ago. I do not see how I made that mistake in my reckoning." Here he takes the paper from his pocket and looks it over carefully. "Ah! I see," he continues. "Well, I am now ready to go on with my work. I have overcome gravitation! Now for the next!"

CHAPTER XIII.

STARR and his father were one day sitting in the room where the latter had received Dr. Hendon some months before, and were discussing a project for a new experiment.

“I see no reason why it cannot be done,” Starr was saying; “I know that in some of my trials at the Doctor’s I was able to transfuse blood from one animal to another without any trouble, and shortly before I left there I succeeded in passing blood from the veins of one dog to those of another by way of the veins of a third. I found in my studies of surgery that in cases of profuse loss of blood, or those of danger of starvation from cancerous diseases or other sources of exhaustion, the transmission of blood has been successfully performed upon the human body, and for a long time it has been regarded as a recognized and legitimate operation in obstetric surgery. If I remember aright, it

was as early as 1667 that Denys injected the blood of calves into the veins of a young man who had been much weakened, and had become stupid and slightly dropsical in consequence of repeated bleedings, and restored him to perfect health."

"I am glad that you have made so careful a study of this matter," replied his father. "While I knew that the transfusion of blood could be successfully performed, I never gave the subject much thought, and not until you suggested that we try the experiment of creating new life in a dead body, did I feel the need to know more about the question of removing dead blood and injecting new in its place."

"But this is not just what is to be done; I do not know of any process whereby new blood can take the place of that which has died in the veins. What we want is to inject the new at the same time that we remove the old; or, if this cannot be done, to infuse some preparation that will keep the blood in the same condition for a sufficient length of time to enable us to accomplish the change. Now that this can be done, I have not the slightest doubt, and if you think, father, that, with the assistance of Esquire Largur, you can persuade this man to have the ex-

periment tried on him, and can arrange so that I can operate upon him in his cell, I am sanguine as to the result."

"Oh, I can fix it with *Largur*," replied the Professor, "and of course the criminal will give his consent, for there is a chance opened for him to live by accepting our terms, whereas, should he refuse, he will inevitably be hung, for he confessed his crime, has been sentenced to death, and his execution takes place in three days. I did not think, when I told you of this, a day or two ago, that your fertile brain would concoct such a scheme, but I am glad of it, and will give you all the assistance in my power, for in this I am to be your scholar. I am as enthusiastic to commence as you are, for I can see that, if the undertaking is successful, it will demonstrate the truth of many a theory that I have often desired to see proven. But what put the idea into your head?"

"I will tell you. It is now some six or eight years since I commenced experimenting in this direction. That was why I asked you to let me have John's body after he died, and I should have succeeded with him had he not wasted away so much in his sickness, or had I commenced my work upon him before he died.

What first called my attention to the subject was reading an account of an attempt to restore suspended animation in a man who had been drowned, by forcing air into the lungs by means of a pipe passed through the mouth into the glottis, one end of the pipe being attached to the nozzle of a pair of bellows. Although this man had been in the water for more than three hours, they were successful in bringing him to life. This attracted my notice, and caused me to consider whether or not a person could be restored to life, if death had not been the result of some wasteful disease or of some accident which would make it impossible to live. While I still had this question in mind, I read an item in one of the newspapers telling of an effort made to restore a man who had been hung in London, England. The physicians who were working on the body with that object in view were assisted by an electrician. By attaching a battery to the muscles they succeeded in causing the man to move his body and limbs; and by applying the electric current to the heart, forced it to beat and to set the blood in circulation. They then produced respiration by artificial means; so long as they continued to force the air into the lungs, and then expel it by pressure

on the chest, they caused the man to take on the semblance of life. His pulse could be felt, a slight hectic flush appeared on his cheek, his eyes opened and shut, and for a time it looked as if they would succeed in restoring him to conscious life. They did not succeed, however, and my reason for their failure lies in the fact that the man had been dead for two days when they commenced their work upon him, and the corpuscles in the blood had died or become coagulated or clotted, and consequently were not in a condition favorable to restoration. Now, the blood remains fluid in the veins for some time after death, and could it, by any artificial means, be made to continue in its normal condition until new blood could be supplied to take its place, I see no reason why life could not be brought back. If I can obtain an interview with this man, the night before he is hung, and he consents to place himself in my hands, we are all right."

"Suppose his neck is broken in hanging?" suggested the older man.

"True, I had not thought of that. What can we do to prevent such a mishap?"

"How would it do to let the man take his own life?"

“By poison?” interrogated Starr.

“Yes, by poison mixed with a drug that will check decomposition.”

“Can this be done?”

“It can, and I will see that it is done at once,” the father said as he arose from his chair and moved toward the door. “You may in the mean time attend to the details; I will agree, on my part, to have the body of this man here within four days.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE usual stillness of Professor Barlow's house is interrupted; for the first time since he took up his abode in the house, strangers are admitted there; the servants move about in that perplexed and undecided manner so common to their class when the ordinary routine of domestic life is broken in upon. Zeno alone displays more natural life than he has been known to do for years, but as a whole the establishment has the disorderly appearance that follows the loss or absence of the controlling power. For Professor Barlow is sick—dying, the physicians say. Young Starr has for hours, since the accident to his father, sat beside the bed, dazed by the misfortune that has fallen upon him. There was no one living who could feel the loss of this man as would his son, for none had so well understood him.

Starr had been conscious of an attraction

towards this peculiar man on their first meeting at the attorney's office, and never was he more pleased than when he learned that the Professor's house was henceforth to be his own home. His pleasure arose chiefly from the fact that he had found not a parent only, but a mind akin to his own far more than is common in the souls of father and son. The bond of union between them could not be explained upon the hypothesis of kindred only. The young man had spent but a few short months in the society of his father, but in that time he had acquired knowledge which he would have needed a lifetime to gain unassisted. Starr had slept but little since his advent into his father's house, one of his most marked peculiarities being that he seemed quite independent of sleep. While with Doctor Hendon the latter noticed this and, somewhat surprised at it, tried to discover the reason, but found himself unable to explain this more satisfactorily than many another eccentricity of his ward. For the last five or six months the young had not spent, on an average, more than two hours of the twenty-four in sleep. Often, after working hard all day at some experiment, his father would advise him to leave it and take the rest which it seemed natural that he should require.

Starr would persist, however, in saying that he was not tired, and his father would leave him without further comment. That father knew better than the son the latter's powers, and many a time, when he felt timid and afraid to trust himself, had convinced Starr that he was able to accomplish whatever he might undertake.

During Starr's residence with his father he had shared nearly all of the Professor's work, and had gradually become acquainted with the greater part of the results obtained before his arrival. During the progress of a new experiment, he, if not a sharer in it, was an interested spectator, and on the completion of an old one was informed of all that it had brought to light. When the Professor had discovered and overcome the laws of gravitation, he had called his son to him and explained his object in giving so much time to that purpose.

But now Starr sat beside his unconscious father, and gazed in the familiar face, revolving over and over in his mind the question, "Will he ever be himself again?" As the time passed with no apparent change, Starr's powers began to reassert themselves, and to make him indignant that he had for so long a time lost his self-

possession; from that moment till the end, no one could have discovered in look or bearing a sign of feeling. Coming to himself, he at once gave orders to the servants as to what should be done, and, first of all, summoned Zeno to the sick-room. Without waiting to consider, he despatched the man at once for Doctor Hendon, but Zeno did not go; and had Starr been aware of the relations between his old guardian and the servant, he would not have thought of sending him on such an errand. This was one of the few secrets that Professor Barlow had kept to himself.

Nothing definite was known regarding the accident that had so suddenly laid the strong man helpless and senseless upon the floor. A short time after he went to his laboratory that morning, a noise was heard in that direction, and Starr, alarmed, though unable to tell why, had hastened to the spot to find his father apparently lifeless. Starr, half mechanically and not thinking then of Doctor Hendon, had sent a servant for the nearest physician, who soon arrived and sent for a colleague when he perceived how serious was the case. Starr knew that the Professor had gone to the laboratory to prepare a certain gas which was to be used

in the resuscitation of the dead man on whom they were at work. That body even now lay in the next room, but he did not think it best that the physicians should be told anything concerning this matter, and left them in the dark as to the precise nature of his father's work at the time of the accident.

Ceaseless efforts had been made to restore the Professor to consciousness, and after a time he opened his eyes and let them wander round the room for a moment, then closed them again. After renewed efforts on the part of the doctors, their patient again opened his eyes, this time more naturally, and in an instant, with his indomitable will, took the matter into his own hands. He ordered that all save Zeno should leave the room. The physicians demurred at this, but soon submitted, for they saw that he would brook no opposition to his will. As Starr was retiring, his father called him back and said, "My son, I wish to learn through Zeno how serious my injuries are. If I find that they are beyond repair, I have some instructions to give him which I do not want even you to hear. See that I am not disturbed until I send Zeno to you."

Starr signified his acquiescence, and left the

room. As soon as they were alone, the Professor said—

“Zeno, examine me.”

After a moment Zeno spoke.

“I—do—not—see—anything—wrong.”

“Are my stomach and heart in good condition?”

“They—are.”

“My head?”

“I—see—nothing—strange.”

“My throat and lungs?”

“Your — throat — looks — natural— your—lungs — are — the—same—as—I—have—always — seen — them — no —” after a pause, “there —is—hemorrhage—near—the—left—lobe—of—your—right—lung—there—is—a—rupture—of the—membrane—and—the—blood—is—flowing —quite—freely—into—the—lung.”

“It is as I feared!” exclaimed the sick man. “I should not have lighted that match. I ought to have known that the room was full of explosive gas. I knew I was breathing it; the leak in the retort must have been more extensive than I considered it.”

The Professor lay silent, thinking; and the key to his thought was given in his next question, “Shall I live?”

“No — the — rupture — is — enlarging — the — blood — flows — more — rapidly.”

“How long can I live?”

“Not — over — an — hour.”

“So soon,” and the stern face clouded. “I was in hopes it was not so bad. Well, I must submit; no, I do not submit, but I cannot help it. I must hasten and give you your last directions, Zeno. The man you have been watching — this Doctor Hendon — I desire that you not only continue your watchfulness, but also when occasion permits, follow him in person, ever having in mind that you are to obtain possession of the paper written at Adèle’s death-bed and destroy it. You must do this at any sacrifice; if necessary, he may die. After you have accomplished this you can awake. You must not, under any pressure, divulge to any person what your orders are in the matter. Allow no one to control you but my son, and do not let him know or change the mission I have left you. You are not to speak or listen to any one save Starr, unless it should be necessary to the fulfilment of my wishes. Do you clearly understand what I ask of you?”

“I — do.”

“Repeat it,” and Zeno recited, in his me-

chanical way, all that his master had said, neither omitting nor changing a word.

“’Tis well. Zeno, I bid you good-bye—but then, why should I bid Zeno good-bye? Why should I say good-bye to myself? I die in part—I am not dead till Zeno awakes; but stop—will this power continue after my death? I think it will; nay, I know it must. Zeno, you will not wake up till you have finished the task I have given you?”

The servant did not reply at once, and over the face of the dying man crept an expression of distrust.

“Zeno, why do you not answer?”

“I—think—not—” came slowly from the lips of the mesmerized man.

“Think?” exclaimed the Professor. “Don’t you know?”

“I—shall—not—wake—up—till—your—wishes—are—complied—with.”

“Now go and tell my son to come in.”

Zeno retired, and Professor Barlow closed his eyes, murmuring, “’Tis hard to give up now when the consummation of my early wishes seemed so near at hand! I could have warded off disease; and with the knowledge I possess of the secrets of life, I believe I could have

lived as long as I might wish. I have not grown old for the last forty years. If we record life by the waste of the tissues, I am not to-day over forty-five, although I have been on the earth more than eighty-five years. I forgot to guard against accidents; but could I? No, I do not see — Why doesn't Starr come? He should have been here before now." As his eyes opened he saw his son standing by the bedside.

"Your eyes were closed, father," said Starr, "and you seemed wandering a little, so I hesitated whether to arouse you or to call the physicians."

"There is no occasion to call any one," returned the father. It is impossible for me to live but a very short time, and this interview is for your sake."

"I would rather you thought of yourself, father," said Starr, his voice a little unsteady.

"I clearly comprehend my present condition, and my talking with you will not hasten or retard the end. There are a few things that I wish to impart to you at this time. I have explained the use and the purpose of everything connected with my life-work, save one of which I now wish to inform you. I have

written down for you the reasons which impelled me to every discovery and invention excepting this one, which I should have given you in time. It must be sooner than I intended; that is all. It is the desire of every man to live; the hereafter is too vague to justify the hastening of death. The object of my first studies was the discovery of the source of life, but not until I had spent over twenty years in the search was I rewarded with any success. I learned many wonderful things in that time, but they were on side issues or were the result of studies undertaken merely for recreation. My work was to find out how to live an indefinite period. I have not time to tell you of the many theories that I pushed to an end. I was aware, in the beginning, that I should need to invent or discover some form of nutriment that would give the proper sustenance to the blood, without unduly working the stomach and liver. I saw, too, that I must overcome all change in the blood from a healthy state. These two things I accomplished; but as years went by, I was aware that they were not sufficient. While I could perceive that there was no alteration from the condition in which I first placed my

organs, yet there was a gradual decrease of vital force. I must do something to keep that up, and I did this by the use of electricity. From the time that I perfected and placed around my body the belt which I have now worn for some forty years, there has been no apparent change in my age. I cannot discover that I feel one day older than when I first put on the belt. Not a gray hair more, not an additional wrinkle has appeared. After my death I wish you to take the belt from my body and examine it closely, that you may manufacture one for yourself. You will also remove from my arm the band that encircles it; this you will see is worn to note any change in the blood. Its adaptation to that purpose will readily commend it to you. I wish you to continue the endeavor to restore to life the body on which we have been at work. Should your efforts be crowned with the success which I hope will follow, and should you at any time feel that you would be justified in operating upon my body, you have my full and free permission to do so, although I do not know how you can succeed, unless you can repair the rupture which is causing my death. I deem it my duty now, in order that my body

may be at your disposal at any time you desire, to call your attention to the embalming fluids, and I think you had better cause my blood to be removed and our elixir fluid to be injected to take its place, as soon as I breathe my last. Your nerve is sufficient for this. There is no need to call your attention to any further details. You are aware that there is sufficient money for any purpose for which you may require it. My will is with Esquire Largur. At your earliest convenience, request Dr. Hendon to give you your mother's ring, which he has thoughtlessly neglected to return. On removing the third pearl from the bottom of the cross, you will find a spring; press this, and the top covered with the diamonds and pearls can be taken off; and within the recess thus made you will see—" Here the voice, that had for some time been growing weaker, failed altogether. After an effort which showed the pain he was suffering, the Professor began again; but, because of his agony or for some other reason, he did not finish his instructions with regard to the ring, and Starr, thinking he would do so later on, did not interrupt.

"I find I am failing very fast," said the

dying man. "I know of something that would relieve my pain, but I have not time to send for it now, and it could not prolong my life a minute. I wish, my son, to say one word about my religious views. I have never settled in my own mind the question of a second life. I have faith in a supreme power, but do not believe that power has any interest in us individually, or any control over us save by fixed laws. I am satisfied that, if there are sins, they are of two kinds; I have designated them as sins of the body and sins of the mind or, as a church member would call them, bodily and spiritual sins. I have watched that I commit no sins of the mind, and sins of the body die with me and, if there is a life beyond, will not rise against me. I believe in evolution and that it is the strongest proof that there is constant progression. If there is an existence after we leave this earth, I see no incompatibility in the belief that we can make that existence known to those left behind. Yet there may be a life which is indifferent to the things of earth. If I have knowledge of an after life, and can impart it to you, I will do so. If you should at some future time see fit to resurrect me, and should succeed, the question of the next world

will then be settled, provided that world has any relation to this. My reason for here explaining my views on this subject, is that you may never misunderstand the motives that have governed my life and to enable you to see that I have never been inconsistent. If any of my deeds seem strange to you, test them by my tenets, as I have now given them to you, and you will have no cause to think ill of your father, or to doubt that his acts were prompted by a sincere desire to do right from his standpoint. I wish, Starr, that you should ever remember that the world will not judge your conduct by your standard of right and wrong, but by its own. Should you bring to light any unknown power that will place the life of your fellow men in your hands, do not share the secret with any one, not even your mesmeric subject, for there are few men who hold such power with safety to the human family, and men, realizing this, would not give you credit for greater virtue or self-control than they themselves possess. I discovered that secret, and to preserve your life and mine, it may be necessary that an innocent man suffer. Guard such power from the possession of all the world; mankind would not be benefited

by a disclosure of it, and you could do no greater service to your race than to let the secret die with you."

For a second time the father was obliged to pause, but with a will that seemed almost supernatural he again roused himself and continued.

"You never have mentioned anything about taking the surname by which I am known, and I have not thought it best to call your attention to it, for these reasons; while your coming into possession of your present name seems to be a mere accident or a singular coincidence, I do not accept either as the direct cause. When your mother was but a child, I taught her to call me 'Starr'; I do not think she ever knew that I had any other name. It was but natural that the name of 'Starr' should suggest itself to those who named you, after hearing her so constantly repeating it. Why they should have selected the surname of Cross would not be so apparent, had it not been for the birth-mark of a cross upon your breast, and perhaps the ring which your mother wore; but what makes it appear like fate, is that your mother's family name was *Le Croix*. You will find upon my breast a fac-simile of your birth-mark, seemingly pricked in with India ink; the circumstances

under which that was done, while they will influence your whole life, I have not the time to relate. Your mother knew nothing of this, however, and that was the reason why I took that mark to prove this one of my many theories: that not only an offspring's mental condition can be permanently fixed, but that, through the mind of the mother, the physical structure of the child can be controlled. It was my desire that a male child should be born to me, who should have upon his breast a mark like the one I carry, and it was done. This is a subject worthy of your thought. I do not advise you to make any change in your name; I should not have been better satisfied, had I named you myself, for I consider that I was the instigator. Only so bear it that the 'Star' shall ever shine above the 'Cross.' My son, I care not what the world may say of me: I only desire that you should never think ill of any of my acts. I am sinking, going; the pain has left me. I think—I see—" but here he stopped. His lips moved as if he would have finished the sentence but could not. The face took on a quiet, almost a happy aspect, and Professor John Barlow was no more.

In the death of this peculiar being there passed away a man who, had his lot been cast

among less financially favorable circumstances, could, by his indomitable energy and inventive faculty, have done much to hasten the time when it will be in the power of every human being to become, physically, morally, politically, and socially, the equal of any other. That time is sure to come; and had not the wealth of Professor Barlow made him selfish and indifferent to his fellow mortals, he would have hastened that day by untold years.

Perhaps his investigations had caused him to make discoveries that it is not best mankind should understand, with the rivalries and jealousies which exist in the present state of society; but those rivalries and jealousies must pass away, as will war, as will the conflict of the churches, as will the intricate problems growing directly or indirectly out of the question of how the two sexes shall bear their relations toward each other, as shall false modesty, as shall the manner in which political issues are joined and disposed of, as shall many other unfortunate results of our present way of living. And in that day which is to come, we shall not condemn any one from *prima facie* stand-points, but rather from the motive that prompts him; not from appearances, but from the acts them-

selves. The maxim that is so universally acted upon to-day, that "The sin is not in the deed, but in the being found out," will have been swept away, by the more enlightened rule that will judge the result by the motive. In that time man's sentence upon man will be tempered by mercy, charity for all, malice toward none.

People will then, as now, indent the history of their lives upon their faces, but instead of a few being able to read the record, every one can do so, making thus an incentive to each to guard against any thought or purpose that would not be upright in the eyes of his fellow men.

We are prone to sin by a feeling that we can do so without such sinning discovering itself. If every wicked act were sure to be exposed, how few are the vices that would live. There is no need of doing anything that will not bear the light of day, and when we can read one another's faces as easily as we do our books, when the countenance is sure to be the exact index of the thoughts, we can safely say that the millennium has begun.

When that day arrives, the ability of one man to destroy all others need no longer be kept a secret; for it will be safe, nay, beneficial for all to know it, not alone for the reason that

it would form a closer link of confidence, out for the advantage that humanity would derive from such a discovery. The good and bad in all things come together; we must learn to discriminate, to lay the bad aside or destroy it, but use the good to our benefit. Professor Barlow looked at the subject in this light, and gauged his action in accordance with this knowledge. He knew that such power in the hands of any man would endanger the life of the possessor. Society would not allow a man to exist, if it was convinced that its life was at his option. It would not only desire his death; but further, that his secret should die with him.

CHAPTER XV.

PROFESSOR BARLOW was dead. Whatever is the truth in regard to the mysterious future, he knew and realized it.

Starr from the moment of his father's death became changed. The last awakening of his mother, as she was passing away, seemed to leave an impression upon him, which, now that his father's strong will was taken from him, gained some ascendancy. This, however, Starr himself never appreciated.

He found, on calling upon Esquire Largur, that his father had willed all his property to that attorney in trust for himself, but upon such a trust that it was virtually left directly to the young man. One of the provisions of the will was that Starr should receive at any time any amount that he might desire, without explaining the use to which he proposed to devote the money. This liberty of drawing money was

not restricted, so that, whenever Starr should deem it best, he could relieve the trustee from his trust by withdrawing the whole of the trust property. The advantage of thus arranging the matter was explained to Starr by the attorney.

"You see, my young friend," he said, "it was the wish of your lamented father that you should not be restricted in any way. If he had not made a will it would have necessitated the administering of your father's estate by a public administrator. The orphan court would have appointed a guardian for you and, until you reached your majority, you would have been hampered by restraints from which you are now freed by my being appointed executor of the will and also trustee under the trust therein established; and further, your late father thought that perhaps you would not like the care of so large a property."

"What do you consider the value of his estate?" interrupted Starr.

"As nearly as I can figure it out," said the attorney, "it is between one and two million dollars."

"In what manner shall I draw upon you when I wish for funds?"

"I have considered that matter," replied the lawyer, "and will arrange it in this way, if it meets your approval. I will place a sum of money in the bank, subject to your check, and will instruct the bank to honor all drafts you make upon it. In this way you will have less trouble than if you came to me whenever you happened to require money. Your father suggested something of the kind."

"This arrangement is perfectly satisfactory to me," said Starr, and, after some further conversation with his counsel, departed for home. This was the first time that he had been away from it since his father's death some two weeks before. On his way to the attorney's office, he had stopped for a moment at his old home, but Dr. Hendon had been away for a week or more, and the servants were unable to say when he would return.

Reaching home, Starr went directly to his own room. What he had been doing for the past two weeks he did not know. He remembered attending his father's funeral and, after it was over, going to his chamber; but of the interval between that time and the morning of the present day, his memory seemed to have made no record. It was not until he had made some

inquiries that he became aware that he had allowed two weeks to slip away unnoticed. He recalled instructing his servants not to call him, and he well knew that, after such an order had been issued, he would not be disturbed by any of his own household until he so willed it.

The fact that he was not able to explain his unconsciousness of the lapse of time did not give him any uneasiness. Now and then he had known a day to pass without his knowledge, but had not troubled himself to account for it.

While sitting and meditating a little upon this matter, it occurred to his mind that he ought to see in what condition was the subject upon which his father and himself had been at work when the fatal accident occurred. He went to the little room in the third story, and found the body lying there just as he had left it to ascertain what the trouble was when he heard the explosion. If he had felt any doubts as to the embalming qualities of his father's preparations, they were at once and forever dispelled. The body of the dead criminal lay before him, apparently as healthy as when the life blood was flowing through the veins. It might have been a man quietly sleeping, but Starr knew this was impossible, for the frame did not contain one

drop of blood. Scattered around the room were the instruments that had been required in the work. Here and there were batteries and retorts, and near at hand was the pump constructed by Starr for the purpose of drawing fluids from and pumping them into the veins.

As Starr looked upon the work so unhappily interrupted, the old feelings began to stir in his heart, and the old ambition to restore life to an inanimate being, to reassert itself.

He drew a chair near to the table, and sitting down, allowed his thoughts to wander whithersoever they would. At first they dwelt upon the undertaking now before him, and he realized how much he should miss in it his father's assistance. Then his mind wandered back to the words last spoken by that father's lips.

Starr was sorry he had not found Dr. Hendon at home, for otherwise he might have recovered the ring and seen what it contained. Again he thought of his father's remarks about old age and the ability to stay the advance of time. He had never supposed the Professor to be above forty. From this he drifted to the questions of theology, and he pondered long upon them. He had never given them much attention before,

but now he adopted without reservation his father's views, and ever after acted upon them.

How could he have done otherwise? Can the ideas advanced by that dying man be refuted? How many *know* anything about this hereafter? We desire to believe in immortality, and accept the slightest proof that is offered us of its reality. We cannot be made to think that the supreme power which governs all things should place us here without our knowledge or consent, endow us with reason, then give us a cup to drink which contains more wormwood than nectar, with no possible change to a better and higher condition. Yet the assurance of a future life is too vague to convince any thinking man. Unpleasant doubts will intrude themselves upon us at times. Infinitely better is it to rest quietly in the belief that it is part of the wisdom of our Creator to keep from us all knowledge of the world to come until we enter, freed from the darkness of earth, upon the glory of its light.

But what can we say as to Professor Barlow's classification of sin? While we acknowledge the originality of the idea, are we not compelled to admit the reasonableness of it? Let us say

that there is another existence after we pass from this, and in it we do not need bodies, at least such as we have now and shall then have left behind us; admitting this, consider the number of temptations to sin we also leave behind with those bodies.

Could we exist without these "frail tenements of clay," we should have no animal appetites and passions to do battle with. The legion of sins that follow the acquisition of wealth would not be known, for there would be no need of money. Are not the majority of sins such as will die with the body?

But there are other transgressions which might be committed without the body, and those must follow us wherever we go; we cannot put them aside. The punishment for that sinning will come to us here and hereafter. We can see the penalty attached to this class, executed every day. He who is jealous of another, who misrepresents himself or his neighbor, who deceives or falsifies in any manner, commits sin that never dies. A man may abuse himself by over-indulgence in any bodily pleasure; but if his soul (or spirit, or mind—whatever we call the part of man which we consider immortal) be not contaminated, he has done nothing that

in the hereafter can rise up against him, provided, in this sinning he does not endanger the life or happiness of others. It is true that the reckless commission of one kind of wickedness makes it easy and natural to fall into the other, but it does not necessarily follow. How many kind-hearted men, who are acknowledged to be upright, conscientious citizens, are yet unable to restrain the appetite for strong drink! Were it not for their inability to break away from their bodily sin, would they not be as near perfect as finite man can be?

Are there not others who are never accused of over-indulgence in animal propensities, who yet are shunned by their fellow men? You cannot give your reason for your distrust of a man of this sort, but you feel that his mind is corrupt. Of these two classes of men (and their representatives are all around you), which do you think will receive the fairer reward and the severer condemnation, let that reward or that punishment come not alone in this life but as well in that life beyond?

Professor Barlow *was right*. You need not fear the judgment of the next world if your only sins are those prompted by your feeble physical nature; yet these, though they exist only in the

body, should be checked, for they hasten the end, and no sane man desires to die.

Taking Professor Barlow's theory in this respect as the right one, taking your belief that there is a hereafter, is it not better that we should know little of that future state? Would not a man, believing in these two things and feeling sure that after death all the glories of an immortally painless existence will be his, would he not hasten the coming of that time, by yielding to the many temptations that came in his way? He would be honest, truthful, kind, thoughtful, impartial, and considerate toward all but himself. This he could do and yet gratify himself in many of the most hurtful of the physical sins; his time on earth would be short, but what would he care? So much the sooner would the delights of heaven be his.

Can there be any doubt that the Professor had taken as long strides toward the truth in theology as he had distanced his fellows in science?

We must ever bear in mind that the line of demarcation between the natural and the supernatural, between what is and what will be, is very vague and obscure, even to the most intelligent, and is it not one of the unwritten laws of God that it should be?

CHAPTER XVI.

IT had been four months since his master's death, and Zeno remained in the same condition as when Professor Barlow gave him the last instructions. He had eaten and drank, but had shown no disposition to retire and sleep, as do ordinary people in good health. One thing peculiar was the fact that he continued to write as before his daily reports, and place them in his master's desk. He spoke to no one, and so far as could be seen, heard nothing, save when Starr addressed him ; then he would answer.

Starr clearly saw that there was some relation between the present mesmeric condition of Zeno and the latter's last interview with the dying professor. One day he questioned the man with regard to this. Zeno answered,

“ I—cannot—tell—”

"You don't know?" asked Starr.

"I—know—but—cannot—tell—"

"Is it something that you are to do?"

"Yes—but—I—can—say—no—more—"

Starr was too well acquainted with the workings of mesmerism to attempt to persuade Zeno to give further explanation.

Zeno's life had of late undergone this change, that, whereas before he had confined himself exclusively to the house, rarely if ever going outside the door, he now was often away from home for a whole day. Starr did not interfere in this; his sense of honor would not permit him to try to discover a secret that he plainly saw his father had wished to keep such even from him. He rather believed it his duty to further the undertaking whatever it might be, which had been intrusted to Zeno, and so when the latter came to him with a request for money Starr always gave it, without asking the purpose for which it was needed.

Dr. Hendon had now and then noticed a small, wary, unhealthy-looking man, who seemed interested in him, and once had asked if he could be of any service, but had received no reply.

Zeno, one evening, sat in a chair in his room, where he might have been found at any time since his master's death, save when away as before stated. He was looking at the ceiling with an expression which indicated that he was studying some intricate problem. Suddenly he started up, and seizing his hat, hastened from the house. It was about ten o'clock, a cold, dreary night, but though thinly clad, Zeno did not seem to realize how inclement was the weather, but hurried along to the residence of Dr. Hendon. Going to the rear door, which he seemed to know would not be closed till after ten, he pushed it open, and stealthily entered.

Dr. Hendon was sitting in the little room he called his study. The only light in the room came from a drop-lamp on the table in the centre. While there were also two side-brackets, and a small chandelier, they were rarely used. He was now sitting near the desk, his head resting on his hands, which were folded on the desk. He had been out in the cold, and on coming into the warm room, had gradually fallen asleep.

The door opened softly and Zeno crept in.

He moved silently across the room, and, bending over the Doctor, tried to take from the folded hands a bunch of keys, which the owner had placed there, evidently intending to unlock some other part of the desk, but the slightest movement seemed to rouse the sleeper. After several unsuccessful efforts, Zeno desisted, and for a few moments seemed meditating.

He then moved to the side-brackets, and turned the thumb-screws, thus allowing the gas to escape. Going to the table he did the same with the chandelier and drop-lamp, extinguishing the light in the latter but turning on the gas again, then left the room, closing the door cautiously behind him.

Standing by the door he waited—waited till time could be counted as minutes—till those minutes became an hour—motionless, calm,—watching that no intruder should appear—waited till the deadly gas had done its work. He appeared to be conscious that he was no longer required to use caution, and boldly opened the door wide. After a minute or two he entered the room, and, quickly going to the window, threw up the sash. He then turned off the gas, but im-

mediately returned to the window. After standing there a few minutes, he closed the shutters, leaving the window open, and going to where the physician sat, removed from his hand the coveted keys. Like a man who had done the same thing many times before, he unlocked one of the drawers, took from it a folded paper, and left the room and the house.

Hastening home, and to his chamber, he laid the paper unopened upon a dish, lighted a match and touched it to the folded sheet, and the ante-mortem disclosures of Professor Barlow's wife shrivelled to ashes. As it burned, a change came slowly over Zeno; the last spark had hardly died, when the old palsied tremor appeared in the shrunken frame, the old dreamy light came into the eyes, the same expressive lack of expression asserted itself, and Zeno was awake. He had wrought his mission. He had done all that was asked of him, and what *had* he done?

He had, it is true, obtained possession of the desired paper, and had destroyed it, but in doing this he had carried out the orders of his master to the very letter; and Dr. Hendon, kind-hearted, conscientious man, was

the offering that was made to appease the wrath (to Zeno) of that master.

Dr. Hendon was dead, murdered. It was unquestionably murder, premeditated; but who was the murderer? If we apply the legal rule, Zeno was not, for he had no personal motive; he received no reward, gained no advantage, and was benefited in no way whatever. Besides all this, there is a stronger argument in his defence that in itself would be sufficient, and that is, that Zeno was not in his right mind, and did not know what had occurred. Legally he was an innocent man, and there can be no doubt that his act was morally justifiable considering his condition.

As for Professor Barlow, he could not be said, legally, to have committed the crime, for at the time of its consummation he had been dead for months. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that he was the real actor, though Zeno was the apparent agent.

What can we say in the defence of this singular man? He did not wish that Dr. Hendon should die, if the paper could be obtained otherwise. He did know that if that paper were not destroyed, it would

sometime be a death-warrant not only to himself, but to Starr. He had learned that while Dr. Hendon considered what it contained only as the ramblings of a diseased mind, it was harmless, but when it came to be understood that they were revelations of startling facts, the Professor knew Dr. Hendon too well to doubt that the paper would be given to the authorities, with the evidence that the physicians possessed of the probability of its entire truth. And should the people be led to believe that it rested in the power of a man in their midst to destroy their city, would they be content to let that man live?

Could not Professor Barlow justify his deed, and be consistent with the doctrine that he promulgated to his son? He had nothing to gain by the Doctor's death; at the time he was dying, and nothing could be done to affect him personally. He was prompted only by his love for his son. Again, if he had lived, it still was important that the disclosures should not be made known. We could not blame him if in self-defense he had taken the life of many men, who would certainly have deemed it their

duty to kill him had they known his secret, not because he had committed any crime, but because he held in his hands a power which it would not be safe for the community that any human being should possess; that paper charged him with that very power. Thus Dr. Hendon, dying as he did an innocent man, gave his life for the lives of many. In his decease all living witnesses of Adèle's death-bed revelations had passed away, and with the awakening of Zeno, all the written evidence had turned to ashes. The prophecy made by the dying woman on that November night in 1850 was now fulfilled; that either the witnesses of her last moments would die, or the disclosures she made would cause the death of many others. Those who surrounded her death-bed had gone where their knowledge would not affect the living.

CHAPTER XVII.

STARR was much surprised to hear of the death of his former guardian. He received the news the morning after its occurrence, and during the day chanced to come upon Zeno awake. He could not help attaching the two circumstances together, particularly when he recalled to mind the conversation he had had with Zeno in regard to the latter's mesmeric condition. He did not question Zeno, but he felt that there was some connection between the two events.

To say that Starr was not grieved to learn that his old friend was dead would not be doing him justice. He attended the funeral, and a short time after received a note from Largur requesting him to call at the office. He did so, and there learned that Dr. Hendon had willed the bulk of his property in trust for himself, should he ever feel the need of it. But if there

should remain anything in the hands of the trustee at the decease of Starr, it was to be turned over to some charitable institution named in the will. The lawyer also gave Starr a little box, saying that it was found marked with his name. Opening the box, Starr saw that it contained the ring which his father had spoken of, when dying, as having belonged to his dead mother.

Starr hastened home and, on arriving there, at once proceeded to follow out his father's directions with regard to examining the ring. He took off the top in the manner described by the Professor, and saw a most remarkable picture. It was of the style technically called a vignette, and represented merely the head and shoulders of a very young girl; but the peculiarity of it lay in the manner in which it was inserted into the frame. By some arrangement of glasses or some other means not apparent, the painting was made to look life-size. How to account for this optical delusion Starr was at a loss to explain, nor had he any idea of whom the likeness might be. If it was his mother's picture taken in her girlhood, it did not resemble very much the other portraits of her which he had seen.

Starr was disappointed; he had expected to find something else—he hardly knew what. He replaced the top and, dropping the ring into its box, threw it carelessly into a drawer in his desk. As he did so, some papers in the back of the drawer attracted his attention. He took them out and saw that they were written to himself. Without closing the drawer, he went to another part of the room to examine this new discovery. The manuscript was written in the Professor's well-known hand, and evidently formed part of the records with which he had busied himself for the last year or more before his death. With three exceptions they did not contain much of value to Starr.

One was a recipe for a preparation for suspending animation. A second contained directions for resolving water into its elemental gases by means of electricity. Some of the results which Professor Barlow had reached were given, and also the statement that by this process water not only can be made to separate into its component parts, but also to ignite and burn.

This Starr saw was a dangerous secret to be held in the keeping of any man, and he remembered what his father had said when dy-

ing, no doubt in reference to this discovery. Evidently any one who possessed the knowledge of such a process, would be able to consume any body of water that he might wish. Few there are to whom this secret might be safely intrusted; few whose brains could carry it, without the result of a mad attempt to put it into execution.

Starr marvelled much that his father, usually so cautious, should have allowed himself to place his theory upon paper, much more to have laid it so carelessly aside.

The third, and to Starr the most interesting of the documents he had found, was a statement in regard to what had been done towards the conveyance upon screens of the impressions on the mind of a mesmeric clairvoyant subject.

The idea was a novel one, and the young scientist became very much absorbed in the perusal of his father's theories concerning it. They covered eight or ten pages of foolscap, and Starr read and reread them till he fully understood the subject as far as it was there followed out. Professor Barlow had not succeeded in making any practical application of his idea, but he attributed his failure to a fault in the construction of the screen used.

He wrote that, in his opinion, he was mistaken when he acted upon the theory that the screen should be constructed upon the same general principle as the eye.

Starr, still holding the paper in his hand, sat meditating and almost motionless for nearly an hour; then drawing a deep breath, he said aloud—

“I think it might be overcome in that way. It will take a long time to complete the arrangements, but it is worth years of trial, and I can see no other plan that would be likely to succeed—father has gone over the ground so thoroughly. I will do it.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN a small story-and-a-half house situated on the east side of the Hudson, some eight or ten miles north of the city, lived a widow with her only child, a daughter almost fifteen years of age. This young girl was one of those rare beings who in their lives give us a glimpse of what heaven might be. Her charm lay not so much in her face and form, though they could not fail to attract admiring eyes, but in her pure, thoughtful mind, her trustfulness and calm assurance that came from a belief, as yet unshaken, that all mankind are as sincere and guileless as she had ever found her mother, her pastor, and the few acquaintances that she was permitted to call her friends. She had never seen the necessity for concealing any emotion that the situation in which she might happen to be placed would naturally call forth. With an abiding confidence in her associates that drew from them

a responsive feeling, no one could look into her honest countenance and for a moment think of tempting her to swerve from her truthful life. Her firm belief that those with whom she came in contact were as genuine as herself, was shown in the fact that she invariably attributed the best motives possible to the acts of others. Her clear blue eyes looked beyond the exterior even to the hearts of her friends and said, by their expression, "I love and trust you, and have no doubt that you love me." No matter how unscrupulous, how wicked a man might be, when such a one came into her presence he seemed to realize that she would see only the good in him, and he strove instinctively to keep from her the knowledge of all that was bad.

Trustful little Carrie Brown! Will heaven be less a heaven to you for want of something vile to compare it with?

Are angels less angelic to you than to us?

Does the word "wickedness" have a different meaning in your vocabulary from what it does in ours?

Will even you be able to continue in that innocent life that you are now living, or is it inevitable that you should either die or become contaminated by association with people who

should be benefited by your example? Time alone can answer.

Carrie had lived with her widowed mother on this little place for nearly ten years. She had a dim recollection of having once lived in the city, but had no desire now to return there; the harmony between the quiet country life and her own nature was too great to make a change desirable.

Simple maiden Carrie had never dreamed of any interruption to her homely life. Her mother, it is true, had mentioned that a possible change might come, but she had thought very little about it. She had been informed that it was to the generous care of Dr. Hendon she owed her present almost independent existence. When her father, who had been in the employ of Dr. Hendon, had died, and the kind-hearted physician had seen that he should need the house occupied by the Browns for a new employé, he bethought himself of the little place on the Hudson with its acre or two of land, and said to himself, "Sometime I intend to build a summer residence, but until then why should I not allow this poor widow and her flaxen-haired child to live there?" Seeing no reason, he suggested it to the widow, and she, having no rela-

tives or friends who could assist her, gladly accepted the kind offer. Moreover, Dr. Hendon, never doing things by halves, set aside an annuity for the support of the two, telling Mrs. Brown that he considered he owed it for the services that she and her husband had rendered him. The lonely widow, with the same simple confidence in mankind that was so marked in her daughter, gratefully accepting the kindness, moved to her new home, and for the last ten years had divided her time between the instructing of her child and the cultivation of the small garden which surrounded the house.

It is early evening, and mother and daughter are sitting in the quiet room, facing the narrow road that winds from one village to the other. Mrs. Brown sits near the Gothic window, watching the slow coming on of twilight. Carrie is at the organ, playing in a minor key that chords well with the surroundings.

"My daughter," said the mother, "have you looked over the new music that Dr. Hendon sent you a few days ago?"

"Yes, mother, and I like it all very much."

"Will you sing me one of the songs?"

"Why, indeed I will, mother. Which shall it be?"

“Oh, I am not at all particular as to that.”

“Then, I will sing them all,” and the young girl moved towards a music-rack that stood in the corner of the room.

“No,” she said, stopping and turning in the direction of her mother. “I will sing you one to-night, the second and third some other evening when you want me to, and I will take them just as they come, though I like one of them much better than I do the others.”

“Just as it pleases you, my child,” responded the mother, “though none of them will be entirely new, as I have heard you practising them, but did not give the attention that I will now.”

The girl took a sheet of music from the pile and, reseating herself at the organ, sang, in a clear contralto voice, “The Days of Old.” Tears started to the woman’s eyes when the sweet voice sang,

“The churchyard lies full in sight, Lulu,
And the graves are green and fair;
But the heart is a living tomb, Lulu,
And our dead are buried there.”

The loving heart recalled her own dead, and the days when a tender husband was ever thoughtfully interested in her welfare, and for a moment forgetting herself in thinking of that

life and the death that so ruthlessly changed it, she sighed.

Carrie, turning at the sound and seeing her mother in tears, hastened and knelt at her side and clasped the hands that were lying in her lap and, looking up, exclaimed, "What is it, my mother? Are you ill?"

"It was but a momentary sorrow, my darling," said the mother, as she hastily composed herself. "It has all passed away now. Have you noticed how beautifully God has pencilled the clouds and sky this evening?" and she raised the head that had fallen upon her hands and, smoothing the light hair, gave her child a mother's kiss; then, pointing to the slowly darkening sky, talked of its beauty.

They were sitting and conversing thus, when there came in view the form of a young man. As he came opposite the house he stopped, as if attracted by the vine-clad porch. He had not yet noticed the woman who had been watching him.

"There is a young man, standing in the road looking in this direction. I wonder who it is?"

"Is it not neighbor Leonard's son?" asked Carrie, getting up and glancing out of the window.

"No, I think not. It is too tall for George. He is moving this way. Who can it be?"

"I don't know," replied Carrie. "It may be one of the summer residents, who has lost his way and wants information."

"We will go and see," said Mrs. Brown, as the stranger's knock was heard upon the door.

On opening the door, there stood before them a young man who could not have been over seventeen years of age. He was well dressed, although dusty as if he had travelled a long distance.

"I beg your pardon for thus intruding," spoke the stranger in low, well bred tones, "but would you kindly inform me how far it is to the next village?"

"It is considered about four miles," replied the widow.

"So far as that! Is there any place near here where a stranger could find lodging?"

"I do not know of any. You seem tired, and I judge by the dust upon your clothes you must have travelled some distance. You are welcome to come in and rest yourself awhile here."

"As I *have* travelled quite a distance, and *am* tired, I will avail myself of your kind permission," and he followed the two women into the

room they had just vacated. Handing him a chair, Mrs. Brown lighted the lamp upon the centre table, and sat down herself.

Carrie took her position near her mother, and sat silent, now and then glancing at the youth with a puzzled expression as if she were trying to recall something or some one of whom his face reminded her.

"You are a stranger in this part of the country?" asked the older lady.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "I do not remember that I ever saw this section before."

"Do you reside in New York?"

"Yes, madam, I have never lived elsewhere."

"May I ask if you have been to tea?"

"I have not. I was so tired that I forgot about being hungry."

"How I pity you! Hurry, Carrie, and get this young gentleman something to eat."

The young girl started to do her mother's bidding, with tears of sympathy in her eyes. Their out-of-the-way life did not bring them many of the tramps that infest our land, and when, now and then, travellers stopped at the widow's door, they were never sent away hungry or thirsty, for both she and her daughter

had natures that keenly felt the sufferings of others.

“Were you going beyond the next village?” asked Mrs. Brown, when Carrie had gone.

“I was looking for work,” explained the guest.

“Have you any place in view?”

“No, I have asked several people along the way, but they did not seem to need my services.”

“That is too bad! too bad!” said the good woman, and as her daughter re-entered the room, bringing a tray on which was a daintily arranged luncheon, hastily taken from the pantry, she continued, “Draw up your chair and eat some bread and drink some tea. They will revive you.”

The youth did so, and mother and daughter, ignorant of the rules of etiquette, watched him while he ate.

On finishing his meal, the stranger arose, and taking up his hat, said :

“I can pay you for the trouble I have put you to, but not for the kindness you have shown me. I will now say ‘Good evening,’ and continue my journey.”

“I do not ask for pay,” the widow replied, as

he started towards the door. "If I have done you any service, my reward lies in that, and in the blessed assurance that I have, in some measure, lightened the burden of a fellow-mortal.

On opening the door, they saw that one of those storms that come so suddenly in the summer, was about to break upon them, and Mrs. Brown's heart was too tender to allow a guest to leave her house under such circumstances; so she urged the young man to again lay aside his hat, and remain with them till the shower was past. He was easily persuaded, and the three returned to the sitting-room, where they sat and talked the rest of the evening, talked as only those can who every moment find in one another some new quality to respect and admire. It was with no fear that Mrs. Brown expressed her wish that the youth should abide under her roof for the night.

In the morning the guest, who could no longer be considered a stranger, arose with the sun, but not before his hostess, for he found her in her garden at work among the vegetables. He came to her and, responding to her kindly morning greetings, took the tools and began to assist her. So they worked and talked together till Carrie came to call them to breakfast. It

was during this meal that the widow bethought herself that she could give the young man work in her garden, instead of employing one of her neighbors, as had been her custom ; so she said :

“ I now and then hire a man to do the hoeing, and if you think you could do it, and would be willing to undertake the work, I will pay you what I have been accustomed to pay Mr. Leonard.”

“ Nothing would please me more,” returned the youth, “ and as for pay, I should not expect so much as you have given before, for I shall not be able to work as fast or as well as would an older person, and besides, you board me, whereas, I suppose your neighbor must have taken his meals at home.”

“ Oh, what you eat,” exclaimed Mrs. Brown, “ would not count much. However, we will leave the matter of wages till you complete your work. I must ask you, as I have no other means of knowing, by what name we shall call you?”

“ My name”—and a look of surprise passed over the young man’s face—“ Oh ! why, yes, to be sure, it had not occurred to me that you did not know. My name is Edward True.”

Thus it was that Edward True became an

inmate of the humble home of Widow Brown. His admission into that household without a more comprehensive knowledge of his antecedents is open to grave criticism, but both women were too noble-minded to be suspicious. They could be, and were at times, imposed upon, but such imposition was rare, for their sincere desire to show their sympathy and love for all with whom they came in contact, ever formed a safeguard and a shield. They had, unwittingly, demonstrated the fact that men, as a rule, are just what we believe and make them. Treat a man as if you considered him honest, and, in nine cases out of ten, he will prove worthy of your confidence. The widow had ever, in her dealings with others, acted upon this maxim.

Edward True remained with the Browns for twelve days, and during that time his hostess never had seen cause to regret his coming among them. He was ever careful and considerate of their feelings, always thoughtful for their welfare, constantly on the watch for an opportunity to do some little act that would lessen for them the cares and anxiety that follow all earthly lives. He bowed his head reverently when, on the second evening of his stay, the widow knelt to ask that the blessing of her own

and her father's God might rest upon her household. When, on the Sabbath following, she invited her guest to go with them to the little church, a mile or two from their home, he gladly complied, and that evening knelt with the other two at their family altar.

Neither of the young people ever showed any embarrassment in each other's presence. Carrie often sang and played, while her mother and Edward sat near and listened. Now and then, the mother or daughter read from some book or paper that interested them all, and one evening toward the last of Edward's stay, Carrie asked him to read to them. He consented, and surprised them by his rich, clear, and finely modulated voice.

One morning, as he did not appear at the usual time, Mrs. Brown rapped once or twice upon the door of his room and, receiving no response, entered to find it vacant. The bed had evidently not been occupied. The mother and daughter, somewhat alarmed, made diligent search for him, for they had, in that short time, become much attached to Edward, and would gladly have allowed things to move along in that smooth, pleasant way they had taken since his arrival. They now went to the

houses of several of their neighbors, to see if any information could be obtained concerning their missing friend, but no one could give them the slightest clew as to his whereabouts. He had gone as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come; but the two women he had made his friends felt sure that he would not have left them in that unceremonious manner, without bidding them good-by, or receiving the money that was his due, unless there were some good reason for it. Each day they looked for him to return and explain his sudden disappearance, but the days passed into weeks, the weeks into months; spring gave way to genial summer; autumn, with its wealth of color, came to the little home on the Hudson, and yet no Edward!

They often talked of him and of his kindly deeds; but as time went on without bringing them news of their absent friend, they spoke of him more and more as of one not absent but dead.

One afternoon in the late fall, as Mrs. Brown and Carrie were sitting by the fire that the cool weather had made necessary, a rap was heard on the door. Opening it, who should be seen standing on the step but Edward True! He received a joyous welcome; a welcome that

must have carried with it the conviction of its own sincerity and of the love the two women bore him; and they could not fail to see how much pleasure it gave him to be once more with them.

He carried in his hand a large valise, and told them he had come up on the afternoon train. When they chided him for leaving them so suddenly, he seemed bewildered. They, taking his look of surprise for one of annoyance, did not press the matter. After he had been with them for several days—the same kind, thoughtful friend as before—they again spoke of his going away without bidding them good-by. Once more they saw the same expression come into his face as on the afternoon of his arrival, and let the subject drop forever, as one that, for some reason, was unpleasant to him. They never, for an instant, suspected that anything was wrong in his thus leaving them and apparently not wishing to give them any explanation of his conduct. “To the pure all things are pure,” and they had no measure for others besides that afforded them by their own stainless lives and honest purposes.

Edward True had remained with Mrs. Brown and her daughter for nearly three weeks, when,

one morning, he told them that he must return to the city, promising, however, to make them another visit in a few months. During all the time he had been with them, he had never in any way alluded to his past or present life away from them. While Mrs. Brown wondered at this, especially as she was very ready to talk of her own happy experience, she never intruded upon his affairs. When he came back to them, he took up his life in their quiet household, just where he had left it, and the love of the three for one another strengthened every day they were together.

On leaving, Edward presented Carrie with a volume of the poems of her favorite author, and gave her mother a book that he had heard her express a desire to possess. He took away with him their best wishes for his welfare, and the oft expressed hope that the time would be short before they saw him again.

The time was not brief, however; for six months elapsed before he again sat with them in the tiny parlor. In the meantime their benefactor, Dr. Hendon, had died, but he had not forgotten the two women whom he had befriended. They were informed by his attorney that he had devised to them the house and

land that had for so long been their home, with an additional legacy sufficient to keep them from want during their lives. Consequently, Edward, on his return, found them in mourning, and, somewhat surprised, asked the reason. They explained it to him, telling him with tears in their eyes of the loss of their kind-hearted friend.

When the name of Dr. Hendon was mentioned, they noticed a wondering look come slowly into his eyes, and they asked him if he was acquainted with the physician.

"No," he replied, hesitatingly. "I don't think I am, and yet I must have heard that name before," and the perplexed expression overshadowed his pleasant countenance.

"He was a very benevolent man, living in New York, and perhaps you have heard his name mentioned in connection with some deed of charity," said the widow.

"I think that must be why the name sounds so familiar," replied Edward. But it was some time before the puzzled wonder left his face. When it did, he was again the Edward they knew and liked so well, and the evening was spent in quiet enjoyment.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIVE years have passed since we left Starr thinking over the subject of presenting to the eye the results of mesmeric clairvoyance. We find him now looking older than before, showing that he has not worn the life-belt his father gave him when dying. He is sitting in a room on the second floor of his house, which adjoins the room made memorable to us by the interview which took place there between the Professor and Dr. Hendon. It has that luxurious appearance which only wealth and taste can supply.

One side of the room was completely occupied by a heavy, dark cabinet. Upon pedestals, standing here and there, were placed pieces of sculpture that, like the paintings hung on the wall, seemed more suited to the feelings of the man than the other appointments of the room. At the right was the "Dying Gladiator," the only piece of statuary that the room contained

which in any way would strike one as familiar. At the left of the centre was a marble representation of a small group of men and women wearing each other's heads; here a small, delicately formed girl with a large, coarse, masculine head, her own being set upon the shoulders of an old woman bent with age. A youth's head was placed upon the shoulders of a woman sitting opposite, but in such a manner that the back of the head was on a line with the front of the body. A head, evidently once the property of the old woman, was set on the jaunty shoulders of the youth. The head that the woman had discarded for that of the youth was held in the hands of an old man, who, apparently, after many years of experience, did not see the need of any head. The sculptor probably intended to portray, in this ludicrous manner; the propensity which many people show to borrow other heads than their own. The more the work was studied, the more impressive became the lesson it conveyed.

On the right of the centre was a figure of a giant, held in a recumbent position by each hair being fastened to a peg driven into the ground, and also by spider threads covering his whole body and attached to pins; spiders were repre-

sented moving over his body in different directions, spinning their tiny threads as they were driven along by pigmies. The confined man, judging from his expression, was making prodigious efforts to free himself. The whole might well be an allegorical representation of the feelings that Starr must have inherited from his father.

Near the wall at the opposite side of the entrance was a statue dressed in the garb of a court fool, with his hands bound behind him; attached to a rod extending from his head, was an apple, fixed in such a manner that it at first looked as if he might reach and bite it. He was represented as bending over in the attitude of one who was about to take a dainty morsel, but the expression of his face indicated that he had begun to distrust his power to reach the fruit. Like the others, this piece of statuary seemed to convey a lesson in accord with the views of its owner.

Of the paintings hung around the room, two were from Dante's *Inferno*, and one from *Paradise Lost*: two were companion pictures, the one representing "The First Morning," the other "The Last Day." On the table, in a velvet frame, appeared the face, and only the

face, of a beautiful girl, all the other parts, even the hair, being shrouded in clouds. It was the face of Starr's mother, and to gratify some whim he had caused it to be painted in that way.

Starr was sitting in a large stuffed chair, and leaning his arm on the table. He had made some radical changes in the years that he had been master in that house. He had increased his corps of servants from time to time, until now their number reached into the teens, and, unlike his father, he had certain special duties for each of them. If anything, he exerted more control over them than even his father had done. He had servants who had come into his house, unconscious of their very existence, and had remained so ever since. Unlike the Professor, too, he acted on the principle that it would be better for him, and just as well for them, if he never allowed them to come out of their mesmeric sleep, and it was rarely, if ever, that he permitted it. To all intents and purposes, when he once got control of their minds, they were dead; for is it not as well to be dead as to be unable to realize what one is doing, or what is going on around one?

A young girl appeared on the threshold, hesi-

tated a moment, and then moved forward to where Starr was sitting. He was so absorbed in thought, that he did not hear her; she waited patiently for a time, hoping that he would look up; but as he did not, she gave a little cough. He started and, looking up, exclaimed, "What now?"

"I—I—I want—" and a look of supplication came into her face. It was but for an instant, for the eyes of the young man became more steel-like as he watched her, and she never finished the sentence she had begun; her eyes took on the dreamy look that seemed destined to be theirs forever, and she stood before him as in the presence of an acknowledged master.

"I don't see what this means," Starr said half angrily. "This is the second time she has come to herself without my knowledge or consent, and each time it has been after one of my sleepy spells. How long were you awake, Brète?"

"Two days, and I should have left the house, had not Thomas prevented me."

"Thomas did just right. Now, Brète, I don't want you to wake up till I tell you you may."

"I will not," consented Brète.

They stood and watched each other for three or four minutes, as if in conversation, when the girl retired from the room. Starr then began to pace back and forth, back and forth, now and then stopping as if listening for some expected sound. Once he started toward the door as if he would go and ascertain the cause of the delay. He was fretful and nervous, as usual after one of his long sleeps. Presently a noise was heard, as if some one were stumbling along in an intoxicated condition, and soon there appeared in the door-way, two men, one holding the other as if to prevent him from falling.

"Well, Watch, how is your charge, to-day?" was the greeting they received from Starr.

"He is doing very well, my master," responded the older of the two.

"Have you taught him anything new?"

"I have taught him to walk without help."

"Let me see."

The one called Watch pushed the other into the room, and, taking up one leg, and moving it forward gave him a little shove; the man tottered rather than walked 'across the apartment, but did not stop when he reached the other side; instead, he ran squarely against the

wall, and slid down upon the floor, all the time making the same motions with his feet. Watch went to him, picked him up, stopped the motion of his legs and placed him against the wall.

“It is not so satisfactory as I had hoped,” said Starr, “and there seems little encouragement to continue this much longer. Here it has been five years since he first commenced to breathe anew, and he has improved scarcely at all. From time to time, in response to some new invention, he has changed for the better, and yet he is not a man with the indication of knowledge that I had expected. I am almost discouraged; I thought it would be so easy! Long before this, I intended to have father back with me,” and Starr looked at the man, leaning against the wall, as if in some way he was to blame.

It had no effect. The creature stood there with his expressionless face turned toward Starr. His eyes were weak and glassy; his arm hung loosely at his side; his chin settled down on his breast—and this was the criminal that Starr had expected to restore to life, thereby to demonstrate his theory of the nature of death. This was the man who indirectly was the cause of Professor Barlow’s sudden decease, for,

had it not been for the desire to try the effect of certain gases in resuscitation, that gentleman might be living to-day.

Starr had succeeded in his endeavor so far as to make the man breathe; this he had accomplished by the use of electricity, applied to the chest and lungs. He had pumped from the veins the embalming fluid, and at the same time injected the warm blood from a sheep. It was not difficult then, by the employment of electricity, to cause the pulsations of the heart; but there he came to a stand-still.

The dead man lay before him breathing, his heart beating, but no other indication of life could be called forth. By the use of the strap which his father had invented to overcome gravitation, he succeeded in placing the man in a standing position. It was not until he had made some improvements in the Professor's life-belt that he saw any indications that the man was more than a machine. After this had been adapted, Starr had the satisfaction of seeing him swallow the nutriment placed upon his tongue. Up to that time, Starr had once in two or three days renewed the blood in the veins; but after the patient became able to take nourishment, the functions of the body

began to take upon themselves the duties nature had assigned them. Only such food was selected as could be concentrated and easily digested. The result of all Starr's labor and study, his time and money, was that he had restored his subject to a physical life. There was not one germ of intellect ever exhibited.

Anything that was placed on the man's tongue was swallowed; he could not be called dainty, for buttons and old bits of iron were apparently relished as much as the most toothsome viands. If anything was too large to pass into his stomach, it choked him, and he coughed; but the expression of his face did not change. If you cut him the blood would start, but he was perfectly unconcerned as to that, and would bleed to—death?—well, till there was not one drop of blood left in his veins; and did you fix his mouth in the position of a smile, it would remain so to the end.

He would remind one of some men who are placed in office without any other qualification than their ability to smile.

The patient could and did sleep most of the time. If anything came in contact with his eyes, he winked. He resembled a new-born child, with no more mental powers, and with-

out the instinctive qualities which the infant possesses.

It was a debatable question in the mind of Starr whether anything could be taught his subject. The most important thing he had learned was to walk, and in this he had to be watched more closely than would a child; repeated falls did not convey any lesson; he would tumble over the same obstacle all day, if he was only picked up and started again each time he fell. Starr had good reasons to feel disappointed in the result of his undertaking.

Starr, after contemplating his work as it was exhibited before him, did as he had done many times before: ordered Watch to remove the body. This Watch did, taking him to a room in the ell of the building, that had been set apart for that use.

On taking him to this place, Watch seated his patient in a chair, then, after placing a tall hat on the side of his scholar's head, putting a clay pipe between the teeth, and drawing the lips down into what was to be considered a companionable smile, he stood back to criticise his work. The position of the pipe was satisfactory, but Watch changed the cant of the hat and altered the smile to one more genial. It

took him some time that day to get just the sort of smile his fastidious taste required, but after a time he was satisfied. Then, drawing up a chair near his patient, he sat down, and placing his feet on the lap of the smiling man, took a fac-simile of the pipe from his pocket, lighted it, and said:

“Well, come, old cove, let’s commence the conversation where we left off, when the old man requested our presence.”

CHAPTER XX.

AGAIN we find ourselves at the little cottage nestling among the hills beside the Hudson, whose every foot of ground is made sacred to lovers of literary as well as natural beauties, by the pen of Irving. Again we are at the quiet home of Widow Brown. Years have passed since our last visit, and we find that the honeysuckle and sweetbrier have crept up the sides of the house until it is almost hidden in their close embrace.

It is evening, and the troupes of feathered songsters have sung their last chorus for the day, and have retired to rest among the buds, the blossoms, and the leaves.

The light which streams from the lamp burning in the parlor reaches out till it meets and welcomes the rays from the new house opposite.

Within, we find the widow and her daughter,

the same happy, contented souls as when we first saw them, with the same kind hearts thrilling in unison, with the same hopes for the future. The daughter still keeps her place at her mother's feet, but the relation between them is one of such loving confidence that all joys and sorrows are mutual. There is little apparent change in the mother; the timid but loving smile still lingers round her mouth; the hair, brushed smoothly back from the broad forehead, has no light pencilings to mark the forty years that have passed over her head; the calm brown eyes, so expressive of the beautiful life behind them, have lost none of their youthful brightness. Dear, kind-hearted Mrs. Brown, how earnestly we wish that there were more like you, more who believed that, to follow the precepts of their Saviour, they should live inwardly as well as outwardly true to that law, to that new commandment, "that ye love one another!"

The daughter has abundantly fulfilled the promise of her youth, and we find her, at eighteen, more beautiful than ever, none the less for the shade of thoughtfulness, upon her face, that naturally follows so close and so exclusive an association with an older person. She looks

deliciously pure and lovely, in her spotless white dress, her fair hair braided and fastened demurely at the back of her small, daintily poised head. There is a new light in the soulful, trusting eyes, which tells of some strange, new feeling—the feeling that she must share with another the love she has hitherto given solely to her mother. She was not at first able to understand this new awakening, but questioned if she could possibly have the same absorbing affection, as before, for her parent and yet yield herself to her growing attachment for another; but she soon began to realize that she loved her remaining parent just as dearly as ever, though the new love, like and yet unlike the old, seemed filling all her heart.

This affection had actually been steadily growing for years, yet the realization of it came like a sudden shock to the carefully nurtured girl. She had not been forced to premature womanhood in the hot-bed of city life, but had ever been a simple, unsophisticated country maiden. Too artless for coquetry, too noble-minded to deceive even herself, and too frank to attempt to mask her sentiments, when Edward True told her of his love, she freely admitted how much he was to her, and though he had to

raise the head she had shyly bowed, to imprint upon her lips the betrothal kiss, her eyes met his so candidly that they spoke more eloquently than any words could have done. Now, as she sits idly near the table, with a book lying in her lap, and a far-off look creeping into her eyes, it is very easily guessed that she is thinking, not of the story she has been reading, not of the conversation that is being carried on in the room, but of Edward, *her* Edward. How like unto a heaven, bright with love and the fond assurance of true happiness, does the future appear to her. Not a cloud in the horizon which is likely to rise and obscure that beautiful vision; not a doubt comes to shake the blissful confidence that she is loved, that she loves wisely and well. But we, who are older, and have tried and tested life and found it hollow and its dreams of happiness vain and unsound, must turn away; turn from the full-rounded face, where the carmine is growing deeper, turn from the rosy lips now slightly apart, turn as we hear the breath come quick and strong; turn away from the eyes with their dewy brightness; for we have no right to intrude our scepticism on that sweet faith. She has her heaven; and though a full believer in the glorious hereafter,

she has no desire to change the present for the heaven that will come only with death.

There is a third person present to-night, and that person is no other than James Largur, Esq.

This was his first visit to the cottage. Mrs. Brown had hitherto gone to his office when she needed his services, having become acquainted with him during the settlement of Dr. Hendon's estate, and the little legal business she had was left in his hands. The lawyer came to her house on this occasion at her request, as she wished him to advise her as to the disposal of some of her land. She had just received an offer of quite a sum from a gentleman who was about to erect a summer residence near her, and wished to obtain a portion of her estate to straighten his line. It being a matter that required the personal attendance of the attorney, he had reluctantly consented to be present.

The business having been satisfactorily settled, and he having enjoyed one of the widow's "company suppers," he was now ready to return to New York, and only waited for the train that would be due in the course of an hour. The relations between himself and Mrs. Brown had ever been those of counsel and client, and no common-place conversation had occurred in

her visits to his office. It had never suggested itself to him to inquire concerning her health or her welfare, and she, simple soul that she was, had a dread of lawyers, and did not dare to speak of anything but the business she had in hand, and on that endeavored to be as brief as possible.

It was not surprising that now, when there seemed nothing to do but to talk, Mrs. Brown did not know just how she should entertain this great man. Largur, on his part, was prone to allow his mind to wander away from his present surroundings to an intricate law case that had for the last few days occupied most of his time and thought. He had completed his duty to his client Brown ; and that being off his mind, he began to consider his duty to his client White. Though he did not wish to be discourteous to his hostess, he prided himself on being, not a society man, but a lawyer, believing that the two could not harmonize.

Good Mrs. Brown had tried the weather subject, and his monosyllabic answers had rather disconcerted her ; here was almost an hour during which she must try to entertain her guest ; how could she do it ? was the question that agitated her breast. Since supper she had got him

to converse about the sale of the land ; but after expressing his views on that matter as far as he considered necessary, he again lapsed into short replies to her questions, and thus frightened her.

There was one subject ever dear to her charitable heart, and that was the sufferings and hardships of the destitute people in the great metropolis. She had seen something of it in the few years she had lived in New York, and had read much since leaving there. Had she been of a less timid nature, she would have made herself a missionary whenever she went to the city, but her visits there were few and short, and she had a certain fear of going among the poor, having instinctively connected in her own mind poverty with crime. Now, perhaps, she could gain some information from this lawyer, who she thought must be acquainted, by virtue of his profession, with all the details. "Of course," she reasoned, "as he is a lawyer, he must sometimes have to defend these poor wicked people." So it was with considerable assurance that she said :

"I suppose, Lawyer Largur, that you see much that is sad in the lives of the poor around you?"

"I beg pardon," he replied ; " I did not catch your last remark."

She repeated the question, adding, "and it must touch your heart."

"Well, yes ; I do. It does," responded the attorney. Had it been a question pertaining to a professional commission or omission he would have given close attention, but when he found it was not, he allowed his mind to go back to the case of "*White v. Grant.*"

Largur was a bachelor ; and having early in life taken a dislike to women, it had now grown into indifference. He did not consider them worthy of much thought, though he esteemed it eminently proper that, if they had any legal business, they should come to him, and that in so doing they gave proof that they were not entirely destitute of common sense.

The widow hazarded another question, "Do you think the city authorities do all they can to relieve distress?"

"I should think that might be done," he answered, but half hearing what she said.

This was not just the answer she had expected. "But perhaps I did not understand him," she thought ; "I will try him again, for he must know something of this," so she said aloud :

"I have sometimes thought that the churches did not take the interest they ought in this matter."

"I have thought of that," he said. This time she felt sure that she had not misunderstood him, and his answer showed that he had considered the subject. She was all right now, for she could entertain him, and at the same time gain some information for herself.

"Don't you think, Mr. Largur, that if the churches should appoint a committee to look up destitute people, it would be a step in the right direction?"

Hearing the words, "appoint a committee," and at the same time busily thinking of his client's case, Largur said—

"No, I don't think it would be best to refer the matter to arbitration. Let it come before a good jury, and we are safe."

This was somewhat of a poser; but the widow, after a moment's thought, tried again, thinking that in answering her question he used a legal metaphor and, wishing to show him that she was not unable to comprehend even professional phrases, she remarked—

"Yes, perhaps it would be better to have the matter brought before a jury, instead of a

committee, and the minister could select the jury."

"No, we could not select a jury; but if there was any man on it whom we did not wish, we could challenge him," said the lawyer, imagining that in some way he was talking with her about the case he had in mind.

The poor woman had always associated challenges with duelling, and duelling with killing, and it was incomprehensible to her why there should be any objection to a man on a committee for so laudable a purpose; but why that man should be killed, or kill some one else, just because he had been so appointed, was startlingly inconceivable. Considering this, her next question was but natural.

"But why is there any need of killing any one?"

"Killing!" he exclaimed, "who says anything about killing?"

"Why," hesitated she, beginning to fear that she had made a mistake, "why, you said that if there was any objection, they could be challenged, and if they were challenged wouldn't some one be killed?"

The lawyer saw that in some way his absent-mindedness had led him to make a statement

foreign to the pupose of her talk. He tried to think what it was all about, but could not, unless, as he supposed, she had been conversing with him upon cases before the court. He in turn ventured a question.

“In what connection did you understand me to use the word ‘challenge’?”

“Why, when I asked you if you did not think a committee ought to be appointed by the churches to look after the poor, you said it would be better to have it brought before a jury, and when I suggested that the minister could appoint the jury, you said that could not be done, but if we did not wish any man, he could be challenged.”

“Ah, yes! Yes, the idea which I intended to convey was this: that if there were any man on this committee that was to act as a jury, and any one knew any cause why he would not be a suitable person, on account of not having time, or perhaps inclination, for the work, that one could challenge him, that is to say, could state the reasons why some other person would be more proper.”

“Oh, yes, I understand now. How dull of me not to see your meaning before! And you tell me you have given this subject your consideration?”

“Well, to some extent,” he replied, inwardly condemning himself for not paying more attention to what his hostess was saying, and wondering what other misrepresentation of himself he had made. Concluding that he had better spend the rest of the interval before the arrival of the train, at the railway station, he arose, and looking at his watch, said—

“I think I will go now. My train will soon be due, and I do not wish to lose it.”

“It is not far to the station,” remarked Mrs. Brown, “and you have half an hour nearly yet.”

“Yes, but I think I will start now.”

“I am sorry you don’t feel like stopping longer—I was so much interested in learning your views as to the duties of the churches towards the poor. If you will excuse me, I will get your hat and gloves,” and the widow left the room.

She was gone longer than he expected, and the attorney began for the first time to look about him. As he did so, his eye fell upon Carrie; and though his taste with regard to the looks of the opposite sex had suffered from neglect, the sweet, innocent face of the young girl touched a chord in his heart that had not

vibrated for years, and his mind went instantly back to his youthful days, when he had known just such another—known and loved; but now he bitterly recalled the ending of that romance. He was still watching the animated face of the daughter, who was so absorbed in her castle-building that she was unconscious of his scrutiny, when the mother returned, saying—

“I do not find one of your gloves, Mr. Largur. You have not seen it, have you, Carrie?”

“No, mother, I have not,” replied the girl, rousing herself and rising to assist in the search.

“It is very strange, what I could have done with it,” speaking half to herself.

Remembering that when he entered, Mrs. Brown had laid both his gloves and his hat upon the table, Largur turned to look in that direction, and saw the missing article.

“Oh, here it is,” he exclaimed, and stepped to the table to take it. As he did so, a photograph, placed upon a miniature easel, attracted his attention, and he picked it up, saying, “I was not aware that you were acquainted with—”

He did not finish, for the deep flush which rose to the cheek of the younger woman, and the proud motherly look that came into the

eyes of the older one, made him hesitate, a little surprised.

Mrs. Brown asked hastily:

“Oh, you know Mr. True, then?”

“Mr.—True,” Largur slowly repeated. “Did I understand you aright?”

“Yes, Edward True. He is a very dear friend of ours; I might add, more than a friend,” glancing at Carrie, who dropped her eyes while the telltale color deepened in her cheek.

The shrewd lawyer was nonplussed, yet there must be some mistake.

“Does the gentleman reside here with you?” he inquired.

“No, not yet, although he is here quite often, and may take up his residence with us, for I cannot for a moment think of parting with my only child. He lives in New York: perhaps you know him?”

“I may have met him. What is his occupation?”

“Oh, he works for some man whose name, if he has ever told it, I have forgotten, that has a factory or shop of some kind, I don’t know just what, but he is the truest, noblest man that lives. We have been expecting him here for nearly a week. I wish he had got here before

you took your departure. I should so like to have had you see him. We are very proud of him."

"I wish I might have met him. Well, I must bid you both good night," he said, laying down the picture he had been studying so carefully, and moving towards the door.

"Good evening, sir," came to his ear in musical tones, as Carrie made a pretty courtsey.

"Good evening, and a pleasant journey," was the widow's response to his good night, as he stepped from the door.

"It is strange—strange," the attorney said to himself, "I would have sworn that was his picture. There cannot be another man in New York who resembles him so closely. This is not a case of mistaken identity. I will swear it is he; but what does it all mean? What can he be up to?"

Largur was so absorbed in his own thoughts, that he did not notice a person approaching him from an opposite direction, until he was suddenly brought to himself by running fairly against the new-comer.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, looking up, and then added, in some surprise, "Why, is this you?"

"It is certainly I," replied the man, who was no other than Edward True; "but I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I believe."

"Oh, I again beg pardon!" ejaculated the lawyer, as he passed on, to resume his interrupted meditations, to which a new interest had been added. "Well, that is cool! D—n his impudence! Hasn't the pleasure of my acquaintance! Don't want me to know what he is doing. Well, young men will be young men, though I have never looked upon him as like others of his age. I will say nothing about this when next we meet, unless he first mentions the subject. It is none of my business, but I knew I was not mistaken about that photograph," and thus musing he soon reached the station.

Edward in the meantime was also thinking about the meeting, and wondering who the old gentleman could be. "He acted as if he knew me, and even stretched out his hand to grasp mine; perhaps I did wrong in not taking his hand; I am sorry now that I did not, but I knew he was mistaken, and I was in such a hurry to reach Mrs. Brown's, and see my darling, that I did not stop and explain as I ought to have done. Who can it be? His face had a familiar look, and must have come to me in some of my

strange dreams. Well, never mind, here I am," and the young man ran up the walk leading to the house.

The greeting between the lovers was such as can only occur when two fond hearts have been long separated.

"See what I have brought you, darling," said Edward, as he slipped a ring upon the finger of the blushing girl.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed, as she held up to her mother's view the ring, set with pearls and diamonds. "And is this my—my—"

"Engagement ring," supplied Edward.

"I shall always hold it very dear, for your sake, Edward. The diamonds look like stars around the cross, don't they?"

"Yes," replied Edward, "but the wearer of the ring is my star."

"Then they must belong to you, too."

"I came near losing the ring," said the young man, for, as I was hurrying along with my hand upon it and thinking more of you than of where I was, I ran into an old man, and nearly threw him off his feet. At the same time, the ring almost slipped from my hand, and—"

"Why, that must have been lawyer Largur ;

he left the house only a short time before you came," interrupted Mrs. Brown.

"Lawyer Largur, Lawyer Largur," Edward repeated, and looked as if he were trying to connect the name with some event.

"I thought I had heard the name before, but I must be mistaken."

"I should think it quite likely that you have," said Mrs. Brown. "He is a great lawyer in New York."

"Oh, perhaps, that may account for it," but it was some time before the bewildered look passed out of the young man's face.

"How long will your business permit you to stop with us this time?" asked the widow.

"Until I can wear this flower upon my bosom," was Edward's reply, as he placed his arm around Carrie's slender waist, and drew her to his side.

"Have you got everything ready?" he continued, bending down, and lifting up her face that he might look into her eyes.

She nestled her head on his shoulder, but made no reply.

"Let it be the day after to-morrow, then," he said, raising the head again, and kissing the red lips.

CHAPTER XXI.

STARR CROSS had, after years of perseverance, succeeded in transmitting upon a blank surface what his subjects saw when in a mesmeric or trance state. Whatever impressed itself upon the mind of the clairvoyant, while dressed in the apparatus he had made for the purpose, pictured itself on the screen, and he could see reflected just what was occurring as beheld by the subject.

The problem he had thereby solved was one of the few which his father had left unfinished.

In the beginning he felt assured of the foundation upon which to commence the experiment. There were certain facts so well settled in his own mind that they admitted of no doubt.

He knew that there were those who were responsive to his will, and who had the power to see things distant as well as those near at hand, and that they were able to do this with-

out the use of their eyes ; that, in fact, the eyes had little or nothing to do with this power, and yet the seat of vision was in some way connected with the head, for in one case he had found it on the back of the head, in another case on the side near the organ called alimenter ; this he had demonstrated by handing to the clairvoyant a letter enclosed in an envelope and observing where he held it to read the contents.

He learned from the statements left by his father that the Professor had assumed that the dice or mirror which was to receive the impression made on the clairvoyant's brain should be constructed after the plan of the human eye, making an artificial cornea, iris, and retina, and focusing by a lens in the style of a photograph camera lens ; then by a system of electric wires, acting in the nature of nerves attached to the clairvoyant's head, covering the eyes, and connecting with a mechanical arrangement called a receiver, he hoped to accomplish the desired effect. The father had explained his want of success by the assumption that the eye could receive impressions without there necessarily being any light. The son took an entirely new departure, and worked upon the hy-

pothesis that the rays of light should be reflected upon the receiver ; that the eyes of the clairvoyant would be of little if any assistance. In other words, his subjects did not see by their eyes, but by some other and unknown means. He used the battery and electric wires that his father had employed, but increased their number. He caused to be made a skeleton helmet covering and pressing the sides and back of the head, with two arms extending down and hiding the eyes. Through this helmet were inserted a multiplicity of electric wires, all of which touched the head, but no two at the same point ; each wire was connected by a small metallic box hermetically sealed, to a small but very powerful square lens. These lenses were placed in such a position that together they formed a surface of some six feet square. Just in front of the lenses was a bell-shaped tunnel, perhaps eight feet wide at the end opposite the lenses, and tapering to a tube of six or eight inches ; the interior of this tunnel was a bright polished surface. The small end of the tunnel was inserted into an arrangement resembling the magic lantern used in the photo-sculpture art ; and whatever the clairvoyant saw was reproduced on a black screen, but in a reversed order.

To remedy this he placed a mirror in such a position that it reflected everything from the screen. By the use of other wires attached to the numerous lenses and metallic boxes, he succeeded in throwing into and through the tunnel small electric rays of light; these were concentrated by the bell-shaped tunnel, focused by the camera, and thrown upon the screen.

* * * * *

It was evening. Starr was sitting in the room which contained these mechanical apparatus, apparently waiting for some one. Presently Brète entered, and Starr, without rising, motioned her to be seated. This she did, and folding her hands in her lap, awaited the pleasure of her master, who sat with a scowl upon his forehead, and impatiently tapping, with his foot, the ottoman in front of him. Hearing Brète draw a long breath, he aroused himself and soliloquized—

“I don’t understand what the trouble is with me lately. I don’t feel well; the slightest thing annoys me. It can’t be from want of sleep, for the fates know I have enough of that. By the way, I wonder if that is not the reason of this unnatural feeling, for it is only since I

began to sleep so much that I have felt it. Perhaps Brète will amuse me; she usually does."

He rose and crossed the room to where she sat; and making a few passes, said, "Are you ready to go?"

"I can see," she replied. Whereupon he took up the helmet which we have described, and placing it upon her head pressed it firmly, and said—

"You are in the street."

He then went to a knob at the door of the room and pressed it, causing the light that had filled the apartment to gradually diminish till it was entirely gone; then he turned on the electric light connected with the boxes and lenses, and there appeared upon the screen, from these reflected upon the mirror, a view that looked as if it were reflected directly from the street itself. Yet there was a certain vagueness about it that is often seen in an imperfect looking-glass. This Starr corrected by focusing from the tube at the end of the bell-shaped tunnel. Now the street was, as a whole, more sharply defined than we are accustomed to see in a reflected view, though here and there appeared little imperfections that somewhat marred the otherwise sharp outline.

He overcame these by slightly changing the lenses attached to the metallic boxes, and he then had presented before him a most perfect representation of the street as seen by Brète.

The people, who appeared but little diminished from their ordinary size, could be seen moving back and forth, jostling each other, crossing the street, dodging the teams, and acting as do only the inhabitants of a large city. The whole scene would not have looked more real had he viewed the street itself.

"You may go to the theatre," said Starr, and the view commenced the changes that would naturally follow if one were walking along rapidly. Starr placed himself comfortably in an easy-chair in front of the mirror, and watched. Soon appeared the large lights in front of the building occupied by Booth's Theatre.

"No, not there," commanded Starr, and the view remained stationary as Brète asked, "Where?"

"Oh, to any other. We were there night before last." Then the shifting of the scene recommenced as the clairvoyant moved away, and soon passed into the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The changes showed themselves upon the mirror, until the view became still, and Starr saw

before him the stage of the house upon which the curtain had just arisen. No better view could be had of the stage and the performance from any seat in the house.

"You may tell me what you hear them say," and Brète began and repeated, word for word, the conversation of the actors. It was not difficult for Starr to understand and follow the play, even though it was the same voice that repeated the words of the different players. At the end of the first act, Starr said, "I don't care to remain longer, as I can't hear the orchestra; but it shall not be long before my new arrangement will be completed and I shall not be confined to your imitation, but I shall hear what you hear as I now see what you see."

Brète made no reply, and only by the change that appeared on the mirror could it be told that she had heard what he said.

As she arrived on the sidewalk and began to move away from the building, two figures, walking along in the same direction, appeared to attract Starr's attention. One of these was an elderly man, the other was a young girl leaning on his arm. What it was about them that attracted Starr could not be told, unless it was the symmetrical figure of the girl.

"Do you see that young woman just in front of you?" he asked Brète.

"Which one?"

"Why," he responded, "the one leaning on the arm of the old man."

"Yes," she replied.

"Go in front of them, so that I may see their faces."

She did so, and before him, the sweet face of the girl was shown.

"Yes," Starr said, half audibly. "She would make one of the best subjects. I believe she would far surpass Brète as a clairvoyant. I would like to try the experiment."

He stopped and meditated, forgetful of his surroundings, but Brète was a most faithful servant. Her orders were to go in front of the couple, and she had done so; and there she would remain until she received further directions from the mind that so arbitrarily ruled her own. Now while the other people moved incessantly to and fro, the old man and maiden continued to be the central figure.

"I will do it," exclaimed Starr, as he arose and touched an annunciator, "but the old man?—Oh, well, if he is in the way, he must be removed."

Just then Zeno appeared in the entrance, looking more healthy than of yore, for, singularly enough, Starr seldom mesmerized his father's old servants, so that Zeno, since his awakening, had had, comparatively speaking, his own way.

"Where is Lappa?" asked Starr.

"He is now busy at his work, as you willed him," replied Zeno.

"True, I had forgotten about that, and it was day before yesterday I set him to work polishing the trumpet for the audiform. I should think it might be well done by this time. I ought not to have let the matter slip from my mind that way; there is another indication that I am not well. Never mind, I must have him."

Starr left the room, but soon returned with Lappa, and, glancing at the mirror, saw by the rapid changes, that the two over whom Brète was keeping watch were moving along by some other power than their own.

"What now?" he said, addressing Brète.

"In a coach," she replied.

"Oh, I see," and without further comment he turned to Lappa and said, "There is a young lady whom I want you to bring to

me. I will show her to you, and you must do as you have done before. If any one tries to interfere, use the 'sherlar.' When you find her, she will follow you, but let no one else come with you. Do you distinctly understand what I wish?"

"I do," Lappa replied.

Then Starr sat and watched the flying scenes in the mirror until the coach stopped, and as it did so the view exhibited was the Erie Railroad station.

"Now you see her," said Starr as he motioned Lappa to look at the mirror. "It is that girl standing by the old man who is now paying the driver."

"I see," responded the man.

"And do you see where it is?"

"Yes," replied Lappa, "at the New York and Erie Railroad station."

"You will at once hasten and do my bidding, take a carriage and be as quick as you can. Have you money?"

"No."

"Then take this," and he handed the man several bills, that he had taken from his pocket.

The man took them and was gone.

Starr sat down again in front of the mir-

ror to watch and wait. The scene now was the ladies' room of the station, but the most prominent face there was that of the young girl. There was little to interest one in this most common of sights; and it would have been considered by Starr too monotonous to spend any time over, had it not been for his desire to obtain possession of the fair maiden.

Starr had been sitting for some time with his eyes half closed, when he aroused himself and asked, "What are they talking about?"

"He is telling her that he will go and ascertain if the train is not ready for passengers," replied Brète.

"Good!" exclaimed Starr, and just then as the old man arose to get the desired information, Lappa's form appeared upon the mirror, moving around among the passengers. It was now that the eyes of Starr contracted, and his whole expression showed how intensely he was exerting his will power. It was not without avail, for the girl moved uneasily for a minute or two, and then arose and commenced to follow the figure of Lappa.

The mirror showed the two figures moving from the waiting-room—out into the station—from the station to the street. At this stage

of the proceedings, the form of the old man appeared hurrying toward the girl. He came up to her, he touched her arm.

The expression upon Starr's face became more intense. The maiden tried to disengage herself from the hand that the old man had placed upon her arm. It could be seen by the movement of his lips, and the look upon his face that he was excited at the peculiar action of his young charge. Just here Lappa moved toward the old man, and as he did so it could be seen that he took something from the lining of his vest. It was small; too small to be noticed. He stretched it towards the man, seeming to touch him lightly, and the old gentleman's hold upon the girl relaxed. He swayed a little, then pitched forward. Two or three who saw him ran to him, but were too late to save him from falling. Had Starr asked what was said, the answer would have been: "They say he has a fit. Now they say he is dead; that it is a stroke of apoplexy." But Starr did not care what they might say. He saw and knew just what the trouble was.

The young girl took no notice of her protector's fall; but when Lappa again moved

towards the carriage in waiting, she followed, and entered it with him.

The next day there appeared in the morning paper a short item mentioning the sudden death of an aged gentleman at one of the passenger stations. The afternoon papers, referring to the same, added that a niece who was with the unfortunate man had mysteriously disappeared.

CHAPTER XXII.

WIDOW BROWN'S quiet life had undergone but little change. The marriage of her daughter Carrie to Edward was without any ostentation. On the day of their union, the good pastor who had looked after the spiritual interests of the family, since the time when Mrs. Brown took up her abode in his neighborhood, was present and officiated, and the young people assumed their new obligations without any other change than would naturally follow such an event. Edward remained with them a month or more without anything being said about his returning to the city. There never existed a purer, more unselfish affection than that which united these two people. Their love for each other did not exhibit itself so much in any open demonstration as it did in that subtle, thoughtful way that is so indicative of sincerity.

They seemed anxious to be always in each

other's presence ; and when they had been separated for a short time during the day, a proof of this fact was given by the animated light that came to the eyes of Edward when he caught sight of her, as well as by the nervous tremor of her hand when he took it in his. Their love, however, did not blind them to the duties they owed their mother, and she never had seen cause to regret that her only child had linked her fortune to that of Edward.

The current of their lives moved smoothly along ; nothing had as yet intruded upon their quiet enjoyment. One morning, Edward informed them that he must return to his employment in the city.

Before, their marriage the separation of the lovers had only intensified their feelings for each other ; now the parting was more difficult, the time that they would be compelled to spend apart seemed longer, and the day for his return farther distant, but there was no doubt as to the pleasure with which they would meet again.

Neither of the women knew Edward's occupation further than his statement that he was employed by a man who devoted his life to science. They trusted implicitly in him, and did not show any curiosity. They lived for one

another, and when they were all three together they did not trouble themselves with any matters outside of the general subjects which belonged to their daily lives.

The first parting between the young wife and her husband was tearful, and Edward had to promise that he would return as soon as his business would permit him, and it should be the very next day if possible.

But the next day did not bring him, nor many a day ; indeed it was three or four months before they again saw him. They had become very anxious about him, and had done everything they could to discover his whereabouts. They knew that it was not his free will that kept him away, and so were not surprised on his return to learn that he had been very sick. It was then he promised them that the next time he went away, he would write them on his arrival just where he should stop, for he said he did not always stay in the same place, and could not tell them before he reached the city. He promised his wife, too, that she should never have cause to chide him for not calling to his side the companion whose right and duty to be there were so clear.

In the happiness of being reunited they soon

forgot the sorrow that had temporarily shadowed their life. Edward's cup of happiness was full to the brim, and it is not surprising that tears of joy were in his eyes when, in the evening just before the light was brought in, Carrie came to him as he sat by the window looking out upon the fast-approaching night, and nestled in his arms trembling with the joyful news that she was about to communicate to her Edward.

"Why are you so excited, my darling?" asked her husband.

"I have something to tell you," she replied, as she laid her head against his shoulder, and raised her childish hand to pat his cheek.

"Have something to tell me, my sweet little wife, and what is the confession she would make to her father confessor?"

"Well, don't look," she said, burying her face still deeper in his coat.

"Don't look! Why my pet, it is growing so dark that I can't see much, any way."

He raised the face, now warm with blushes, nearer to his own, that he might look into her eyes. His heart gave a deep, quick throb as it flashed across his mind what her secret might be, and he pressed her to him so hard that she gave a little cry of pain.

“Oh, forgive me!” he said, “I did not intend to hurt you.”

“I knew you didn’t; but I am afraid I shall not have the joy of telling you my secret, for I think you have already guessed it,” and her head went back to its old place on his shoulder.

“But, my pet, you said you were going to make a confession and I want to hear it, and not have to trust to any guessing of mine, for I know that it was influenced by a longing that I cannot believe is to be realized.”

“Well I will tell you,” and placing her lips close to his ear, she whispered a few words. The light of a great joy came into his face, born of the assurance that his only remaining desire was to be fulfilled, and he lifted up his overflowing eyes and said, “I thank thee, O my Heavenly Father, for this new blessing thou hast given thy unworthy servant!”

After this, while Edward’s attitude toward his wife was not more affectionate than before, for it could not be, yet he showed an eager solicitude for her that was new.

One morning, a few weeks after Edward’s arrival, Mrs. Brown did not appear at the usual time; and after waiting as long as anxiety would permit, Carrie went to her mother’s room, and

found her in an unconscious condition. A frightened cry brought Edward to her side, and the young people made every effort to restore her, and were soon much relieved to find that she was returning to consciousness. Mrs. Brown was still too ill to arise, and at the earnest solicitations of the children, she consented to have a physician called, though she stipulated that it should be Dr. Ordway, and not either of the two young doctors that were located in the neighborhood. Edward hurried away to find the physician who lived something over a mile away. He was found at the country store, where he was making some purchases. Among them he had a small bottle of vinegar which the proprietor of the store had requested him to try, as it was of unusual strength. Dr. Ordway picked up the bottle of vinegar and put it in his pocket; then, leaning one hand upon Edward's shoulder, moved slowly toward his own house to prepare for visiting his patient.

During the slow progress, the Doctor asked about the symptoms of the widow, and expressed a belief that she only required some slight stimulant. He said he would take a bottle of some stimulating medicine with him.

Dr. Ordway was one of the most peculiar of

peculiar men. From the effect of some disorder he had almost lost the use of his lower limbs; and though he was able to go about, his movements were very tottering and very slow. There were those who said his mind was more affected than his body. Others hinted that his troubles were caused by the habitual use of opium; but these people were not considered his friends, and consequently their opinions were to be taken "*cum grano salis*." Perhaps they took the most correct view of the matter who said that, since the loss of his daughter (a beautiful young girl who some years before had gone to New York, to reside with an uncle and complete her musical education, and who had lately disappeared very strangely as she was on her way home), he was always thinking of her, and so was rather absent-minded with regard to everything else. There was no doubt that at times the Doctor's mind worked as slowly as his body, while, at others, he surprised his hearers by an acuteness that would be remarkable in the strongest intellect. The older people in the vicinity had great faith in his power to relieve them, and so he had quite a large practice. There was, however, one thing that he was never known to do

quickly, and that was to talk; under no circumstances was he ever heard to accelerate his remarks. No matter under what excitement he might be laboring, he always spoke in those slow, drawling tones that were so much in character with his movements.

Once, when he was being driven to see a patient who resided at some distance from the Doctor's home, he instructed his man, Lemuel, to drive very carefully over a bridge which they would be obliged to cross; then he leaned back in his seat, closed his eyes, and waited for Lemuel's tap on the window of the coupé in which he always rode. Going over the bridge, it turned out to be more unsound than was supposed and, when the old horse reach the centre, the planking gave way, and the animal went down into the little stream below. Fortunately the harness was an old one and easily broke from the carriage. As the reins slipped from the hands of the frightened driver and the carriage stopped, the Doctor aroused himself to ascertain the cause; he reached forward and tapped on the window, but Lemuel was too bewildered at the sudden and unceremonious disappearance of the horse to hear his master. The latter then opened

the window and looked about him. Some understanding of the catastrophe seemed at last to dawn upon him, and he said, very slowly, and without the slightest appearance of excitement, "Lem-u-el—where—is—the—horse?"

On arriving at Mrs. Brown's, Edward and the physician went immediately to her room and found her much improved. The Doctor satisfied himself that all she needed was quiet and a little tonic to restore her system to its customary condition. He left, as he supposed, the bottle of medicine that he had prepared for her, with these directions. "Now—you—take—three—teaspoonfuls— No,—stop; three—*table*-spoonfuls—three—times—a day; no,—not—that,—you—take—*one*—tablespoonful—three—times—a day,—and—you—had—better—take—one—of them—now." Bidding her good morning, he commenced his slow march to the door and his carriage, feeling that he had done his whole duty and clearly explained how to take the medicine. When he reached the garden, he found his man, Lemuel, so absorbed in investigating the reason why a cat on the other side of the road disputed the right of way with a small dog, as to be unconscious that his master

had appeared, and was coming down the path unaided. Just then a large dog, owned by Mrs. Brown, came to the door in that dignified way that so becomes a dog who feels the care of his owner's property. Seeing that the visitor was moving towards the highway, and did not appear to be trying to steal anything, he looked in the direction of the Doctor's carriage, and, spying the hostilities going on across the way, concluded that he had better go over and look after the interests of his fellow canine. So he started and, forgetful of the Doctor's infirmity or else wishing to save time, he ran between the old man's legs and upset him. Dr. Ordway with much difficulty regained his feet, and with a half-grieved, half-indignant look in his face, drawled out, "What—possessed—that—dog—to—run—between—my—legs. There—certainly—was—room—enough—either—side."

He was here interrupted by Edward, who came to ask him if there were not some mistake in the medicine he had left. The Doctor took a swallow of it, and was nearly strangled. He had left the vinegar instead of the tonic, but the fact of his putting the vinegar in his pocket had entirely passed from his mind. After he had recovered his breath enough to be able to

—speak, he said: “What—can—this—mean? It—has—not—been—warm—enough—to—have—soured—it—just—coming—from—home.”

“Have you not made a mistake,” asked Edward, “and given us the vinegar you got at the store?”

“Why,” he said, as he slowly reached his hand round to his coat-pocket, “That—might—be. Oh,—here—it—is—to—be—sure. I—knew—that—could—not—have—soured.” He handed the bottle containing the tonic to Edward, who started to return to the house.

“Stay,” said the Doctor, a new thought entering his head. “The—directions—I—gave you—were—for—the—bottle—of—medicine—you—hold—in—your—hand—and—not—for—the—vinegar. I—don’t—think—Mrs.—Brown—needs—any—vinegar,” and the physician moved slowly toward his carriage, well satisfied that he had made everything all right.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STARR CROSS anxiously watched the results of his experiments on the criminal he had caused to exhibit life. Each time he saw the man, he left feeling dissatisfied with the slowness with which body and mind responded to the new tests that had been applied. He had not confined his study of what constitutes life to this subject alone, but had carried it to the lower animals. He had discovered that he could store electricity, and had succeeded in bringing fish and frogs back to life, by opening them and placing near the valves of the heart small reservoirs of electricity. By this means the animals continued to live and thrive long after the artificial electricity must have exhausted itself. In this he had not accomplished any more than he had already done, in causing to exist the man upon whom he first experimented; yet these trials led him to apply a con-

densed positive electric reservoir to the sensor nerves of the man, restoring the feeling to the extent that he could sense pain or pleasure as readily as others. Here Starr felt that he had taken a long stride toward the object he had in view. Then he applied a negative electricity to the seat of the muscular substances, and strength and energy of life returned, and the man stood before Starr physically as strong and able as ever; still he lacked consciousness; lacked control and power over the voluntary movements of the body; lacked that regulation of the brain which is so absolutely indispensable to life.

A sharp-pointed instrument thrust into his flesh would cause pain, and the sensor nerves would telegraph the sensation to the brain, but the brain was destitute of the reasoning power that alone could make it capable of intelligent action, and the result was that, while the motor nerves carried a volition to the muscles, it was a very unsatisfactory demonstration of the working of the brain.

If the man was burned in the arm, he was more likely to move his leg or head than the injured part. If he was pricked in the body, it sometimes occurred that minutes passed before the motor nerves responded, and he was quite as

likely to move a limb as his body. He could scowl or smile, but was as apt to smile, when he was kicking his foot because he felt the pain of a pin in his shoulder, as to scowl.

It was obvious that the mind and body had not reunited since their separation; and until this union could be effected, the man lived, but without a mind, without a will, without *all* that the word *soul* conveys.

What about instinct, it may be asked? What is instinct? When does instinctive action cease and action from reason commence? These are mooted questions that never have been satisfactorily answered. Is it at all improbable that the reasoning powers may be inherited? If so, might they not be called instincts? Is not instinct but a name for a lower grade of intellect and reasoning faculty? Is reason anything more than the education, the evolution of instinct? Our feet are stepped upon; we instinctively move them. A particle of dust comes towards our eyes; we quickly shut them. This is called instinct. But apply anything to the body that creates a new and strange feeling and leaves it doubtful whether the sensation is one of pain or pleasure; it will be some time before the mind settles the ques-

tion, and until it passes its judgment, there will be no action of the motor nerves. This, the metaphysician would call reason. Now let that same novel feeling be experienced each day, and the time will come when the action of the motor nerves will be as prompt as in the case of the eyes or feet. The same metaphysicians will tell you *this* is instinct. If you find an animal incapable of learning, you find one void of instinct.

Thus, while there existed a certain sympathy between the different members of his body, the resurrected man could be taught nothing, for he had neither reason nor instinct.

The result of all Starr's labor was but a great disappointment. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that, even though he succeeded in restoring his father's body to life, he would not have that father with him. It was not the Professor's form moving around him that he wanted. It was his father's mind, his father's soul, that he would recover.

Starr was not without the failing, so common to mankind, of attributing a want of success to other reasons than the right ones, if the actual causes of the failure could not be remedied. So he from time to time invented excuses. He

said, "The man was probably always a fool." Again it occurred to him that there might be some organic fault in the brain of the criminal, some disarrangement of the parts.

Since his last application he had noticed a marked change in his subject. The man's eyes had become sunken, his skin sickly in hue. He slept less, and, when slumber did fall upon him, it was of the most disturbed character. This change had been gradual, yet in time it became sufficiently noticeable to convince Starr that it would not be long before the man, now living without a soul, would die a second death. Starr took this into consideration, reasoning that the rapid decline of the man's health was one of the causes why he was unable to exert his mental faculties.

The result of all this, joined with the fact that he had carefully looked after his father's body with the sole purpose in view of restoring it to life, was that we find him now before that parent's lifeless form, upon which he had been at work for nearly twenty-four hours without sleeping or resting. The only nourishment he took was the sipping now and then of some wine, in which he had dissolved a little of his concentrated nutriment, and which stood on a table

near him. He found where the rupture which was the cause of death had occurred, and after considerable labor had repaired it.

He succeeded in restoring the systolic motion of the heart and the respiratory action of the lungs. Before doing this he had placed in position in and about the Professor's body, all the apparatus that in any way had acted beneficially in promoting the end in view, when applied to the body of the criminal. He had worked very carefully in all his undertakings. He could not have taken more interest, or exhibited more anxiety, had he been working to retain his own life. It told on him fearfully; he looked nervous and feverish. He had entered upon this work with the full power of his mind; and as he now stood before the living, breathing form of his father, the light shone upon a man who would have looked no older, had every hour that he had been engaged in this labor been a year.

Everything else was to him as nothing in comparison to this; excepting towards his father he had never in his life exhibited any emotion akin to love, but for his father and the memory of that father his affection was as strong as only a nature like his can conceive of.

With a feeling of as much indifference as he showed when he ordered a mesmeric subject to remove the dead lamb from which he pumped the blood into his father's veins after removing the embalming fluid, did he order him to take away the dead body of another subject from which he had taken blood to inject into his father's veins in place of that they already contained. Be it said, however, that it was not his intention to sacrifice a life in the manner he did. His purpose was to take only such an amount as he could draw from the man with safety; but in watching the effect upon his father, he had entirely overlooked everything else. Yet the fact, that in so doing he had taken another life, seemed to be of little moment to him.

There was every indication of life in the body of the Professor, who was now sitting upon the bench where he had before been lying, with his back against the wall. His eyes were open, and now and then the lids closed with a motion so natural that there could be little doubt as to the success of Starr's efforts. The breath came easily and slowly; the pulse slightly quickened yet not unnatural; there was perhaps a little more color than was usual in

the face of Professor Barlow. With the exception of the slight twitching of the nerves that now and then could be noticed, Starr's father sat before him with as healthy and natural an expression as he had ever borne.

Starr ordered his assistants from the room. Why he did so cannot be explained, except upon the ground that his mind was so strongly centred upon the matter in hand, that he forgot that they saw nothing except as he willed them.

Up to this time Starr had refrained from saying a word to the Professor; he did not wish to unduly hasten putting the last great test of whether or not his father had been restored to him. He now took the hand that lay warm and beating with life upon the bench and spoke the one word, "Father."

No answer was returned, and a shade of disappointment passed over the face of the speaker. He spoke again, but received no reply. He drew his hand over the now warm forehead of the Professor for a short time, and then said, "Don't you hear me, my father?"

The light of joy came to Starr's eyes as he saw the muscles about the mouth work a little. He waited, and the lips parted, and the tongue

moved, and Starr saw or imagined an expression about the whole face indicative of a desire to enunciate something. It was without success, yet was encouraging. Starr asked another question—

“Do you not live, father?”

Again the lips trembled and parted, and there came to the ear of the son a voice: there came an answer to his question in these words, slowly uttered—

“I do live, but not in this body.”

Starr gazed for a moment at the face of his father, then said, in a voice trembling with emotion—

“Can you not?” and in response came the one word, “No.”

It was too much for the overstrung nerves of the son; the disappointment was too sudden, too great. There was a reaction of overtaxed nature, and Starr staggered to a chair and fell rather than sat down upon it. His body began to sway to and fro, and this motion continued uninterrupted for an hour. Gradually it grew less and a change apparently came over him. The haggard look of his face grew less distinct; the eyes became milder; the lines about the mouth softened; the hectic flush faded from

the cheek, and the young man's whole appearance became new and foreign. He looked about the room in a listless, indifferent way, as if wholly oblivious of his surroundings. He arose as if in answer to some one who had called him and, without a glance at his father's body, without seeming to notice or care for anything about him, walked leisurely from the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was great consternation at the home of Mrs. Brown, for Edward was very sick; he appeared delirious on first entering the house, complained of a headache, and talked strangely about himself.

“I don’t know what to make of this,” he would keep repeating as he pressed his hand to his forehead. “I don’t feel as if I was myself; there comes to me a strange, confused impression that I am not at home.”

Then they would see that puzzled expression, which had become so familiar, return, though now it was more intense, and his face remained clouded for a much longer time. The two women tried to persuade him to retire, but this he refused to do, saying,

“I shall feel better soon. What troubles me now is this feeling that my existence away from you is not real; it comes to me more like a

dream of long ago, and in its place there appears to me with great vividness a life so void of all those sentiments which have attracted us toward each other, that it startles me; and yet this other creation returns to me, so positive, so genuine, and so forcible, that, for the time, I can't recall any other."

As he spoke the disconcerted look would creep into his face.

"When here with you," he continued, "my life away has always seemed shadowy, yet this never caused me any uneasiness, for it never before took on this restless, discontented form. I fear that if this sensation continues I shall lose my self-control. It can't be that my life away from you has been imaginary, and yet—and yet—it must have been, for am I not— Oh, my head! my poor head! What shall I do?"

His illness was not deemed serious enough to necessitate calling a physician, but Mrs. Brown tried the simple remedies that she always kept at hand, and his wife did everything for his comfort that love and anxiety suggested; yet his illness increased so rapidly that, before the morning dawned, a neighbor was despatched for Dr. Ordway, and it was with pale faces and frightened looks that the

two women stood by his bedside and listened to his wild utterances. Tremblingly did the young wife bow her head on her mother's breast and weep, when he in one of his paroxysms cast her from him. "What was to be done?" moaned the poor mother.

Edward had complained of not feeling well on his last visit home, and as his wife attributed it to his close confinement to business, he had promised to give up his position and return to his family, if he did not regain his wonted health. That was nearly two months ago, and since then they had received two or three letters from him, in none of which did he say anything regarding his health.

At the last visit he had remained longer than at any other, for it was then that he bestowed his first fatherly kiss. No husband was ever more attentive than was he. No father ever received his first child with more unspeakable joy than did Edward, and no wife and mother ever had more positive proof of a husband's and father's love than did Carrie. The young people were never tired of gazing upon their offspring; they were constantly discovering new beauties in their infant daughter that could not possibly exist in any other baby.

Edward, for the three or four weeks he was deprived from being in the same room with his little daughter, arose three or four times each night to go and see how she was getting along. Undoubtedly the most enjoyable of all the happy hours that Edward and Carrie experienced were those when, after the young mother was able to come out into the cosey sitting-room, she held her baby girl in her lap, and with Edward, *Father* Edward, close beside her, talked with him of the child's future.

Then came the naming of this atom of humanity. We cannot deny that names had been suggested, and talked over long before there was any call for one. If a boy, it was to be named for the minister who married them, and they both had promised to watch over it carefully that it should, when it became a man, be as good a Christian as was the one whose name it had received; but if a girl—and so far as their reverence would permit, they hoped it would be—they had considered and rejected many names before they had settled upon any; it was, however, decided that if their Heavenly Father should give into their custody a daughter to guard and love, she should be known as Effie May True. So it was that Baby True

came to the arms of her parents with a name ready and waiting for her, and was immediately upon her advent appointed Queen of the household.

No potentate ever had such sincere worshippers as did she. Asleep or awake, some one was ever near her to obey her every wish, or every wish that as a good and loyal baby she ought to have. Mother True must hold her; Father True was anxious to receive her in his arms; and as for Grandmother Brown, she got so worked up on account of the few opportunities that presented themselves for her to get possession of her granddaughter, that she came the nearest she ever did in her life to using deception, by always saying to the young mother in answer to the oft-repeated question of "Do you think, mother, that Effie is feeling just right?" "Well my daughter, I hope so; let me take the little darling and see." It always took Grandmother Brown a long time to decide the matter, and poor Carrie would stand nervously by, and wait with trepidation for the answer.

Now, little Effie was three months old, and the family would have celebrated the event with great pomp but for the illness of the father.

This was Carrie's first great trouble, and it came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that she seemed bewildered, and when her husband, in his frantic visions, drove her from his side, it was with a fawn-like fear that she ran to her mother, from her mother to her baby that lay sleeping in its cradle. Edward, in his delirium, rose up in bed, and his insane stare frightened the two women still more. He shouted to them to be gone. He wanted to know what right they had in his house. Then he seemed to comprehend that he was not well, and would call upon imaginary people, giving them strange names; after this he would turn over, moan and call for his wife and child, only to repulse them, and go over the same thing again.

It was with somewhat lightened hearts that they heard the slow, dragging steps of Dr. Ordway, and the widow hastened to admit him. The Doctor came to the bedside and, after examining his patient, said, "I—should—say—he—was—a—sick—man." *That* the wife and her mother had settled long before his arrival, and so neither made any response.

Just then one of Edward's paroxysms came on, and the physician stood by and watched

him calmly; as he grew less excited and was about to lie back on his pillow, he roused himself and made an effort to get up, saying he must go home. The Doctor pressed him gently back, and at the same time requested that the man in the carriage outside should be called in. The widow hurried away to summon the servant, and Edward grew calmer and began to beg for his wife. She ran to him, and throwing her arms about him, tried to lift his head to her bosom as if he might find protection there; but when he saw her, he glared at her, and asked who she was and what she was trying to do.

Then he became excited, and Dr. Ordway gently drew her away, and gave her over to Mrs. Brown, who just then re-entered the room, followed by the coachman. Again the wild ravings began, growing fiercer and fiercer till it required the united strength of the Doctor and his man to hold the patient in bed.

When he was still enough to make it possible, morphine was injected into his arm; but not until Dr. Ordway had repeated the remedy three times, did Edward become calm, and it was an hour before he closed his eyes to sleep. Yet the Doctor remained and watched him,

murmuring once or twice, as Edward slept on, "It—is—a—queer—case."

At last he arose to depart; but at the earnest solicitation of the women, he consented to remain. It was evident that he was puzzled at the contradictory symptoms that he had seen in his patient, and did not need much urging to make him stay. He wrote a note, and sent it home by Lemuel, with instructions to return for him in three hours. Then he moved a chair near to the bed where the sick man was lying, and gave his whole attention to the study of the case before him.

He would feel of Edward's pulse, then of his head, and then shake his own head; again he would touch the patient's feet, then the hands, and again shake his head; it was apparent that he had made some discovery that was not in accord with the principles laid down in the books.

The wife and the mother, finding that Edward was quiet, and being told by the Doctor that he hoped it was not a serious case but that he would remain until the sick man should awake, and that they had better take some food, left the room, and went to their breakfast. It was anything but a relishable meal; the food had a way of sticking in their throats and

obliging them to make strong efforts before they could swallow it, so the meal was a brief one, and they soon arose from the table, and hurried back to the sick room, Carrie taking the child with her.

There they all sat for nearly two hours before Edward gave any sign of waking up. The first indication of his coming to himself was in his turning on his side and facing the wall. The Doctor leaned over, and seeing that his eyes were open nodded to Mrs. Brown and Carrie in indication of that fact.

Carrie started to run toward the bed, but was waved back by the physician. Edward, after a time, turned so that he faced his watchers, and a look of surprise flashed into his face as he asked, "Where am I?"

"Why, you are in your own room, at home, my dear husband," exclaimed his wife, hastening toward him.

He motioned her back with the question, "Who are you?"

"I am Carrie, your wife," she responded. "Wife! I have got no wife," and he looked indignantly at the speaker.

"Why, don't you know baby?" She held out to him their little daughter. He did not

look at the child, but catching sight of the ring upon her finger that he had given her as an engagement ring he exclaimed :

“Where did you get that ring?”

“Why,” she replied, “it is one that you gave me.”

“I gave you!” he repeated, “I never gave you any ring. I never saw you before in my life. What does all this mean?”

“You—are—sick—sir,” explained the Doctor.

“I sick?” and Edward tried to rise from the bed, but fell back from weakness, and then closed his eyes, saying, “This is incomprehensible ; let me think.”

As he lay there an expression of annoyance came into his face, followed by one of disappointment, and his color, which had before been almost white, became red as he grew tired and anxious. He opened his eyes, and again glancing around let his gaze rest upon Dr. Ordway, as he said :

“Will you, sir, be kind enough to explain how I happen to be here? Have I met with any accident?”

“No—accident,” replied the Doctor. “I—will—explain. You—see—when—”

“Oh, stop!” fretfully exclaimed the sick man,

and the Doctor looked surprised at the sudden interruption. "It would take a week for you to explain it. Perhaps one of these ladies would give me the desired information."

"Why, my dear husband!" spoke his wife.

"Why, my dear son, Edward!" at the same time ejaculated Mrs. Brown, but he interrupted both with the remark, "Oh, d—n your nonsense. Whom do you take me for? You will answer my questions," and a glitter came to his eyes as he looked fixedly at the two women.

"Now answer," he commanded, like one who knew he should be obeyed.

A slight change came over Carrie, though she made no reply; but the widow answered in the same tone as before, and a look of surprise showed itself in the sick man's face.

The physician here interposed, saying, "You—had—better—tell—him—as—if—he—didn't—know. I—don't—know—as—he—knows," then leaned back in his chair, like a man who had long been trying to solve a difficult problem which he had at last given up in disgust.

His patient gave Dr. Ordway a look of contempt, and motioned to the widow to proceed, which she did, fully persuaded that she was simply humoring the whim of a sick man.

As she progressed from the time of his first appearance under her roof down to the night before when he had returned sick, he listened attentively and without any interruption until she had finished ; then he said, "How long was I at your house the first time?"

She answered him, and he questioned her with regard to the dates of other visits and the time he had spent at her home. On her giving him the information, he said, as if speaking to himself, "The very times that I thought I was sleeping."

His eyes wandered from the widow, to her daughter, and from the daughter to the babe in her arms.

He made some further inquiries, and then said, "I am not prepared to say what ought to be done under the circumstances. I doubt not you believe all that you have said, though I am not ready to accede to it. I would like to despatch a note to my lawyer, and have him come to me. Will you get the necessary materials for me to do so?"

The widow looked at the Doctor for his sanction, and at his nod of approval left the room.

The poor wife seemed to have lost all power of speech, and sat in a half stupor looking at

her child. The sick man turned to Dr. Ordway and said, "Do you think I am able to be removed to New York?"

"You—are—very—weak—," replied the physician, "and—I—think—it—would—be—apt—to—bring—on—a—relapse."

"I believe I will take the risk."

When Mrs. Brown returned and handed him pen, ink and paper, he wrote with a trembling hand, a note which he addressed to James Largur, Esq., and handed it to her with the request that it be at once forwarded by a messenger.

Again the poor woman looked to the Doctor for instructions, and again she saw him nod his consent to what she considered one of dear Edward's insane whims.

She was startled when she saw the name on the envelope, and said, "Why I know Esquire Largur."

"You do?" interrogated the sick man.

"Yes, and he will convince you, dear Edward, that you are laboring under a delusion. It was he whom you ran against the evening you gave Carrie the ring, and you did not know him."

An incredulous smile came to the lips of the

sick man, then he said, "May I ask your name?"

"My name!" she exclaimed, "why," then she checked herself and, feeling it her duty to still humor him, told her name.

"Brown—Brown—? I once knew a family of Browns who worked for my old guardian, named Hendon, a doctor—"

"Hendon! Why you are not— Can it be? Were you ever called 'Starr Cross'?"

"Yes," he replied, "and that is my name now. I think you had a daughter."

"Yes, I did, and there she is now."

He looked at Carrie for a moment, and then slowly said, "Yes, I should think she might be," but the longing, eager look of his wife met no response from his eyes.

"You can't be the strange boy I used to know as 'Starr Cross'?" incredulously interrogated Mrs. Brown. "Why he used to frighten me with his queer ways, while you, my dear Edward, have always been so kind and gentle. Do try and go to sleep and you will feel better when you awake.

"If—he—is—Starr—Cross," reasoned the Doctor to the widow, "how—can—he—be—Edward—True; and—if—he—is—Edward—

True—how—can—he—be—Starr—Cross? and
—yet—he—may—be—one—or—both. New—
York—is—a—very—wicked—city. They—
murder—old—men—and—steal—young—girls
—there.”

On hearing the latter part of the sentence, his patient quickly glanced toward the speaker, but said nothing.

A silence fell upon the little company, which the sick man broke by saying, “Please see that the note to my lawyer is delivered without delay, and whatever is right and proper in the premises shall be done. Now you will leave me alone, as I wish to get some rest if I can, for I am desirous of returning to New York as soon as possible.”

The older woman, without another word, left the room. Carrie arose and, with a pitiful look and with large tears standing in her mild blue eyes, moved towards her husband, but stopped half-way at the glance he gave her, hesitated a moment, and then went weeping away. The Doctor soon followed, and Edward True, *alias* Starr Cross, was left alone.

CHAPTER XXV.

STARR CROSS, who had so unconsciously acted the part of Edward True, was now in his own house. On receiving the note that had been sent to him, Squire Largur had hastened to the home of the Brown's, and on learning of the state of affairs had tried to explain to the widow and her daughter that the sick man was no other than what he represented himself to be, and furthermore was in his right mind. This the poor woman could not understand; if he was Starr Cross, a very wealthy man, who resided in an aristocratic part of New York, where was their Edward True, who so humbly toiled for a living?

The lawyer was not closeted with Starr a great while before he understood the whole matter. He had always felt there was something mysterious about the man as there had been about his father; yet he had never consid-

ered Starr a person who would be likely to use duplicity, and this accounted for his mystification when he ran against Starr on that visit to Mrs. Brown, and the young man did not know him. Now the mystery was explained.

Starr could not fail, in view of the positive proof that was presented to him, to admit that he must in a semi-somnambulant condition have done all that was attributed to him. He felt more annoyed at being compelled to make this admission than he was in any way grieved at the complication that his action had created.

Dr. Ordway was not so ready to accept the explanations and excuses offered in Starr's behalf by the attorney. The fact that Starr was rich and lived in New York was against him in the estimation of the physician, who could not look upon the whole matter in any other light than that Starr had been playing two parts.

"Oh,—" he would say, "I—know ; I—know ; He—comes—from—New York—where — they kidnap—young—girls—if— they — can't—get—control—of—them—by—deception."

Starr insisted on being removed to his home, and carried his point against the advice of the Doctor and the earnest solicitations of the lawyer. He refused to see either his wife or child ;

but, as he was being conveyed to the carriage waiting for him, it was gentle, loving Carrie and her mother who watched him going away from them, until the tears blinded their eyes, and they could do nothing but twine their arms around each other, and weep. They were bewildered. They could not understand what it all meant. They could not comprehend why their Edward all at once became some one else. It looked as if the whole bitterness of their lives was to be given them at once.

Carrie had begged most pitifully to be allowed to accompany her husband; she knew he could not be in his right mind, and, if she could get him to remain with her or if she could go with him, she might win him back to himself and to her. It was then that the weak, clinging, ever-loving but timid girl became the strong, true, noble and affectionate wife, and she said, "I love my child more than my life, yet if he will not let us both go, perhaps he will one; no one will take the care of him that I will, and I will leave our Effie with mother and follow him."

All her pleading was in vain; the attorney said that he had no discretion in the premises, but a moisture in his eyes gave proof that he

recognized a love which he had for over forty years contended could not exist in the heart of woman. He told her that, should Starr change his mind, or become so weak that he himself should feel justified in assuming the responsibility, he would at once notify her, that she might go to her husband; and the sorrow-laden woman felt that she had an ally in the old lawyer, and that he had acknowledged her right as the wife of Starr.

With all the care exercised, the journey was too great a strain upon the weak condition of Starr, and he had begun to be delirious again even before he arrived at his residence; on being put to bed, he became so decidedly worse that the attorney took the responsibility to at once despatch a messenger for his wife.

Largur was now in the house which he had so often desired to enter, and as he moved through the different rooms, after he left Starr in the hands of the doctor and the attendants who had been summoned, he was struck with the wonders that he beheld, and a feeling crept over him that there was something superhuman and supernatural hanging over the whole establishment as well as over its owner. He knew that it would not be the wish of his

client that the house should be thrown open, and, as Starr was no longer able to direct what should be done, the attorney felt it his duty to see that no more publicity was made than was absolutely necessary.

It was while roaming over the house that he ran across Zeno, who had not learned of his master's arrival, but who, on ascertaining the state of things, talked very freely with the attorney, giving a history of his own life, and explaining that, since he had come to himself after the death of the Professor, he had been more a companion to Starr than any of the other servants, and the lawyer, after close questioning, was convinced that this might be so.

When Largur became aware of the full enormity of Starr's actions, he was astounded, and his indignation at what he considered Starr's encroachments upon the rights of others—so contrary to the principles laid down by Blackstone and Kent—was so great that he did not hesitate to instruct Zeno to tell all who were held in the house against their own will, that they might depart. This, Zeno did not dare to do, but consented to call them all into a room and let the lawyer do as he saw fit. The latter, however, concluded that perhaps it would be better

to wait a day or two, and see what the result of Starr's illness might be. He told Zeno to have the part of the house, where the subjects were kept, closely guarded and to allow no one to see them.

Largur also sent a note to his clerk in which he stated that he should not be at the office that day, and then, prompted partly by curiosity, partly by a desire that everything about the dwelling which he thought Starr would not wish should be seen should be put away, busied himself about the place, until the arrival of the wife, who came accompanied by her mother.

She, without waiting to take off her outer garments, requested to be immediately conducted to the room where her husband was, and from that time until her presence was no longer needed she rarely left the chamber, and when she did it was only for a short period, always remaining beside his couch, day and night, without intermission or rest. What little nourishment she took was taken there, and the only sleep she had was what she obtained during the intervals when Starr was quiet in the reaction from his wildness. It wore upon her; the color left her cheeks, but she never mur-

mured or became impatient. If love and attention would win him back to himself, he was sure to regain his mind and his health. She thought of the strange climax of all her hopes and anticipations. It occurred to her that, when the fever changed, it might be Starr Cross, and not her Edward, who would be left; but the prayer that ascended to the throne of her God was that he might live as Edward, if it were her Heavenly Father's will, yet, if it must be as the Starr Cross that so frightened her, that would be infinitely better than that he should be taken away from her. She would then be his most humble slave, if she could be nothing else to him. He was more dear to her than her own life. She loved him; loved him more than her mother, more than her child; and who is there who can fathom a woman's love? The love of a true woman is the only ideal heaven that it is ordained should be known by mortals; and when we know and better understand what heaven is, then, and not till then, shall we comprehend that element of woman's nature, so unselfish, so infinite, so incomprehensible, which we designate by the name of *love*.

O true womanhood! we bow at thy feet with sincere humility, for thou possessest more than

all others the elements of that Supreme Being who, we have been taught to believe, is all gentleness and love.

When the attending physician told them that Starr had a very malignant type of typhoid fever, Mrs. Brown was anxious that her old family doctor should be sent for; and after Dr. Ordway had considered the question for a long time, he consented to go to the wicked city of New York, and see the bad man who had tried to pass himself off on good Widow Brown and her daughter as some other person than what he really was, but he wanted it distinctly understood that he came wholly on account of the Browns, and not for any other reason.

The two physicians held a long consultation, the result of which was that Dr. Ordway informed the watching women that they must prepare for the worst, as there was little or no hope of Starr's recovery.

No tears came to the eyes of the patient wife; it was no time for tears; she only prayed the more earnestly and watched over her husband the more closely. But once a day did she now allow herself to see Effie; but once a day, and then only for one kiss,

one sob, and back she hastened to the bedside of the man she loved so well.

When Largur heard that the doctors had given up all hope of Starr's recovery, he called each of the mesmeric subjects into a room and, after learning what he could of their life in the house, told them they might go. As each one departed, it was not with an empty hand; for the lawyer acted as judge and jury, and also as attorney for them whom he considered the plaintiffs. There were but two exceptions: one was the young girl that Starr had caused to be taken from the old man at the railway station, and who, the lawyer discovered, could not tell where she was and did not remember having seen any one but her attendant. She surprised the attorney by informing him that she was the daughter of Dr. Ordway, and he, knowing that that gentleman's daughter had mysteriously disappeared, thought it best to have her removed to her father's home in the evening, when she would be less likely to be able to distinguish the house where she had been confined.

The other exception was Brète, and as she would not come to him, he went to the room

where she was sitting and found her in a mesmeric state. He could do nothing with her; she told him that she was not to return to her normal condition till *he* said so, and the lawyer fully understanding whom she meant by the pronoun, "he," made no further effort.

Time wore on until the day arrived when the physicians said that the fever would turn, and Starr would probably die.

"I don't think he has vitality enough to rally," was the doctor's answer to the question of the widow, if there were not some hope.

Starr had been less excitable since the night before, and he now lay almost motionless with his eyes closed. The doctor sat by his side, with one finger on his pulse, his hand lying on the coverlet of the bed. Mrs. Brown stood near, half supporting her daughter in her arms. The daughter, a hectic flush on her cheeks, her lips slightly apart, bent forward, her whole life depending upon the result. There was that stillness of death which is so noticeable around the couch of the dying.

The physician bent over his patient and,

placing his ear to Starr's breast, listened. The pulse had grown so weak that there was no perceptible movement, and he wished to see if the heart had stopped beating, for of this he was in doubt.

He sat back in his chair, and waited; waited to see the eyes open only to shut forever; waited to see the chin fall in death, for he had given up even the tiny spark of hope which he had kept alive till that time.

There was a slight movement of the eyelids, a perceptible motion of the chest, and the eyes of Starr opened, no longer with the fire of insanity, but calm and clear. They moved to where his wife stood, a soft smile came over his face and he whispered, "My darling." He tried to raise his arms, but he was too weak.

His wife sprang to his side, and throwing herself on her knees, took both his hands in hers, and lifting up her eyes, exclaimed:

"My God! my God! I thank thee."

Looking upon the face of her husband, she said softly, "Edward." He whispered in return, "My Carrie;" and the mother of Starr Cross had won!

CHAPTER XXVI.

SITUATED on the Hudson, near the former residence of the Browns, is a villa. It stands upon an eminence giving a full view of the river.

Let us go within; there we shall find in the library, surrounded by his books, a mild, pleasant-looking man, thirty-three or four years old. He looks more aged, for his hair is nearly white and the lines about his mouth indicate much physical suffering.

Sitting near him, and caressing his hand as it lies on the arm of his chair, is a blue-eyed woman but two or three years his junior though she seems much younger.

These two people we have seen before: there are no doubts possible about the identity of the lady who is so anxiously watching the expression on the gentleman's face. She is easily recognized as the daughter of Widow

Brown, and the wife of Edward True; but, if the man was Edward, he was also Starr Cross, and yet no look of the Starr Cross of old do we discern in his face or surroundings.

To himself as to his wife who self-sacrificingly watched over him in his fever, the man Starr Cross died, and only Edward lived.

They found he could not recall anything about his life, excepting that part of it which he had lived as Edward. As he grew stronger, and was consulted about matters pertaining to his other existence, he exhibited at first no knowledge of the matter; then, as curiosity was aroused, and as time wore on and they told him of things that had occurred in his life as Starr, he knitted his brows in the same old way, and looked perplexed, saying he thought he had dreamed something of the kind at some time. Seeing that it worried him, they refrained from referring to a subject that was productive of no good, and only clouded his life. He took no interest in any matter of business, and did not care to see or converse with any outside of his own little family. So it was that Carrie took upon her own shoulders the burden of her husband, thankful that he was spared to her.

It was she who said, "Don't you feel well enough, Edward, to move back to our old home?" and he answered, "I do want to see the old home again." So he was moved.

It was she, too, who did all the business with Esquire Largur. The old lawyer, seeing that Starr had departed out of his client's life, and only a quiet domestic husband remained, who was never happy save when alone with his wife and children and their grandmother, and that other faces, or any efforts to arouse him to consider business matters only troubled him, dropped him as a client and adopted his wife in his place.

The old house had been cleared out and taken possession of by their attorney. The father of Starr, or Edward as we must call him now—for he would recognize no other name—was found still sitting where the son had left him, in a room that had been pointed out by Zeno, and was quietly interred. The Professor, when found, had all the appearance of having died from starvation. Luckily the life had for a second time passed away from the body of the criminal, and the remains had been disposed of, before Starr's operation upon his father.

The present residence of the True family

had been commenced in the hope that it would rouse Edward to take more interest in his surroundings, but it was without effect. All he seemed to wish was to be near his wife and children and hear them talk, or to converse with them, for now there were two little ones, a son having been born a year before, and Edward junior insisted upon having the proper amount of time devoted to his welfare.

What about Effie May, who has now grown into a little woman of twelve or thirteen years of age? In her humble way she is as much a study as was her father. While she possesses all the rare beauty that is so attractive in her mother, she has inherited enough of that marvellous power of influencing other minds from her father's other nature, to seem to fascinate every one who comes near her. The comingling of the heaven-like spirit of her mother with the psychological power which her father exhibited so strongly in his existence as Starr Cross, has resulted in attracting every one toward her. Yet it is a power that she is not aware of, and let us hope she never will be.

The children when they discovered the song, entitled "Effie May," were never tired of singing:

“ Have you ever heard of Effie,
Little charming Effie May,
Whom, 'tis said, a band of angels
Left upon the earth one day ?
She's a blithe and airy creature,
Bringing sunshine ever near :
Lads and lassies love to linger
In her balmy atmosphere.
Arms are hers so full of dimples
That they bear a bracelet's part,
Feet that with a sweet pit-patter
Softly trip upon my heart.”

Brète, who remained in the same mesmeric state long after her master had recovered from the fever, was tenderly cared for by his thoughtful wife.

Thirty-four years ago, there died in a clubhouse back of Fourth Avenue, New York, a mother, who, knowing the will-power of the father of her child, had, so far as she was able, tried to neutralize the influence that was acting upon that child.

The father died, and then came the change resulting in the good of mankind, for Starr Cross was advancing too rapidly towards that end at which all mankind will eventually arrive.

Adieu ! Adieu to the good, the bad and the indifferent herein contained ; adieu to the dead

and to the living we have met ; adieu, a last adieu to the happy home by the Hudson ; but can we bid adieu to the influence that all this has left ? Try.

All is sunshine !

THE END.

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